JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1936

3D EVERY THURSDAY

THE ONLY WAY... by the EDITOR

LOOKING THROUGH GERMAN EYES By A. G. G.

YOU ARE WONDERFUL! by SWAFFER

Have a glass of GUINNESS when you're tired...

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

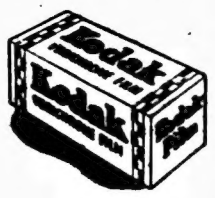
G.E. 1160 E.

KODAK FILM

is in the skies

helping to make the maps the Forces need

★ If you cannot always get a spool easily, remember it is because so much Kodak film is doing vital work —helping to bring peace (*and peace-time snaps*) back to reality.



Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

F.Sc

She'll tell you

...BUT NOT WHEN SHE'S BUSY...

there's quality in VP

After a spell of work in garden or allotment there's nothing so welcome or so well deserved as a glass of good wine. The woman who appreciates quality without extravagance will tell you V.P. wines are wonderful value . . . and very good wines indeed. She knows, too, that Empire grapes impart to these fine wines a body and character enriched by long experience in the production of British wines. V.P. wines are still available although some shortage of supplies just now is inevitable.

British wines have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey since the early days of this century. The wines bottled by Vine Products Limited include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE, and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY, all at 6/3 a bottle.

POINT BRAND

BRITISH VP WINES

OVERHEARD IN THE BUS

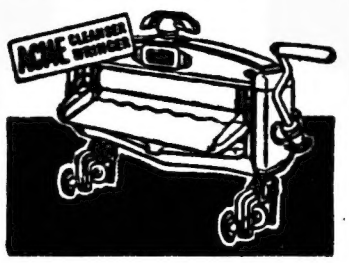
"....No, I simply borrow, quite shamelessly! You see I'm fortunate enough to have a neighbour with an ★Acme and I really don't know how we could have managed without it."

"Ah, I was lucky enough to get my Acme just before the war, and just in time for our evacuees. It's done a grand bit of war work, I can tell you..."

"They're so easy to handle, and don't your things come out crisp and clean!"

"That's why an Acme's definitely part of *my* post war planning—and I'm sure I'm not the only one!....."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer (thanks to the Acme patented 'Cantilever Pressure') squeezes out all the invisible dirt left in the rinsing water and therefore gives you a whiter wash; yet Acme's rubber rollers are safe for the most delicate fabric.*



MR. HOOK
HAD HIS 'LIKENESS TOOK';
ALAS,
HIS CHIN WAS SCRUFFY!
HE HAD NOT SHAVED
THE EASY WAY—
NO WONDER
HE LOOKED HUFFY!

USE
EASY
SHAVING STICK
Over 100 shaves for 7½D.
(INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX)

6 365-789 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED.

The Editor of **FOOD FACTS** *invites you to*

Meet your New RATION BOOK

For a whole year of meals your ration book will be your food-friend and provider. It's high time you got acquainted — so let's effect an introduction! Five minutes is all it will take. Better attend to it now — but if you haven't your ration book handy, *cut this out and go through it as soon as you can.*

GENERAL BOOK (buff) and JUNIOR BOOK (blue)

THE FRONT COVER (p. 1). See that the entries are correct and agree with those on your identity card.

PAGES 2, 3, 4. You needn't trouble with these yet awhile.

CLOTHING BOOK. Now comes a separate section for the clothing book. It has pink covers. Its pages are numbered at the foot I to VII and stapled together. Hold the book in your left hand (you'll find it most convenient to turn it upside down) and cut out the whole clothing book where a cutting-line is marked. Fill in your name, address and National Registration number on the first pink page; and there you have your clothing book ready for use on September 1st.

PAGES 5-8. *All* the foods you are registered for are now grouped together on a page: a little rearrangement which will save a lot of time in the cancelling of the coupons by the shops.

The sugar spaces have small subdivisions marked P, Q, R, S. Here P is for preserves: Q, R and S won't be used at present.

PAGES 9-10. The top coupons are for tea. Four will be *cut out* for each ration period, as now. These coupons are printed back and front to make sorting easier for the shopkeeper: don't be misled into thinking they give you a double ration! The coupons marked "K" are spare ones. Do nothing with them.

PAGES 11, 12. More spares.

PAGES 13-24. These are the points pages — no change here.

PAGES 25-32. These are your *personal* points coupons, printed in the book this time instead of on a separate sheet. If you want to use them without the ration book you can cut out a page at a time but you must fill in your name and National Registration number at the top of each page you cut out. *Do not cut out a page until you need it.* The first page lasts to October 16th.

PAGES 33, 34. Do nothing here.

Page 35. You must fill in section A before the book can be used — your name, address and National Registration number, the number of your new Ration Book (copied from the sideways printing at the bottom right-hand corner of the front cover) and if you are under 18, your date of birth.

PAGE 36. Write your present retailers' names and addresses in the spaces provided.

PAGE 37. If you deposit points or tea coupons, this is where you write the name and address of the retailer, and he initials the entry.

BACK COVER (p. 38) is divided into two main panels. Panel 1 (on the left) is for soap. Panel 2 won't be used yet.

Depositing of pages.

You can, if you and the retailer wish, deposit any sections of pages 5 and 7 with a retailer, but you must complete the side panels and get the retailer to enter "D" in the panel against his name on page 36.

The half-page tea coupons or sections of points coupons may also be deposited with a retailer provided that your name and National Registration number are entered on them and you make the entries on page 37 and get the retailer to initial them.

Registration with Retailers.

This time you do not have to re-register but if you want to change a retailer you may do so by applying to the Food Office between Aug. 8th and 28th. You cannot change your milk retailer.

Special Cheese Ration.

If you have been granted a special cheese ration you can continue to receive it until August 21st. If you wish to renew this apply to the Food Office before that date.

CHILD'S BOOK (green).

The only differences are that one meat coupon is available per week instead of two, coupons "O" on page 9 will be used when you buy oranges, and pages are provided at the back of the book for vitamins (Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil).

THE NEW BOOK — AND THE OLD

Keep the new book flat — do not roll or fold it.

Keep your *old* book until the end of August (or later if it contains any special document valid after that date) and produce it with the new book if you make any application to the Food Office. Afterwards be sure you send it to salvage.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 153

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 24, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

FULL HOUSE

● There is a bigger-than-ever harvest to be brought in. And there is a bigger-than-ever demand for volunteers.

So it will be a pity if they are discouraged and defeated by official-dom's failure to make provision for them.

Early in May, eighteen young Manchester men—munition workers—volunteered to spend their holiday next week on farm work.

They were accepted gladly.

As gladly, they cancelled their arrangements for a more conventional holiday. Then, to their disgust, they were curtly informed that the acceptance must be withdrawn owing to lack of hostel accommodation!

At the very start of the Spring, JOHN BULL urged that immediate and adequate accommodation should be planned. Apparently too few hostels were built.

But even now it should not be too late to provide alternative billets.

We want all the food that can be harvested!

Straight from the Shoulder

GOING GREAT GUNS

FROM Sicily, Russia and the Pacific the news is good. But not less fateful are the operations being conducted from Britain itself.

There is heartening news of them, too—and it would be shortsighted to overlook it. The enemy won't make that blunder!

Why the Delay?

Though we must still be cautious regarding the invasion of Sicily, it has clearly yielded one of the war's most welcome surprises.

Why did the enemy delay so long in launching a counter-attack?

Well, the answer is simply that we fooled him.

Forcing the Pace

He assumed that we would attack from several points—and waited to see which they would be. Instead, we packed our punch into one sector.

Then, like some of our own "military experts," he expected us to consolidate our hold on the beaches my moving at once into the hills that backed them.

But we didn't. Montgomery tore northwards along the coast to threaten the Axis communications.

New Tactics

That was a trick we exploited in Tunisia. Now, as then, we have been able to strafe the enemy's heavy traffic as it moved through narrow mountain passes.

We have employed air power on an enormous scale. And even that word isn't big enough. The world will be staggered when the size of the Sicilian air umbrella can be revealed.

We'll Hold It

The fighting may well become fiercer. We may find the supply problem a difficult one.

There is a bigger possibility.

Eloquent and fair, well-timed and balanced, the message to the Italian people by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill may well have an impressive response.

But there's no "maybe" about one thing—*we are going to hold Sicily.*

Russian Triumph

Yes, and our Russian friends won't give up anything that matters. They have more reason to rejoice than they have admitted.

In 1941 the Germans advanced on a 1,500-mile front. Last year they advanced on a 500-mile front. This year they attacked on a 150-mile front.

And the attack has failed.

Is He Back?

Von Kluge won't give up yet. But he has been beaten. If it is true that Hitler has gone back to supervise him, the Russians have fresh cause for congratulations.

Their troops have mastered the art of defending open "tank country." Their defence so foxed the enemy that they have been able to go over to the offensive themselves. Above all, the Red Air Force has gained the initiative.

Going East

In the Pacific, too, the skies are filling with Allied aircraft. Heavy U.S. naval reinforcements have also been sent East—to ensure "that we shall retain the initiative," in Admiral Nimitz's words.

The latest sea disaster which his opponents have suffered gives point to JOHN BULL'S recent hint that he would welcome an encounter with the main Japanese fleet. His torpedo aircraft are waiting for big game.

Momentous Experiment

But our chief use for air superiority is still the attack on Western Europe.

Remember those recent speeches by Churchill, Lyttelton and Cripps. Read between their lines. Realise that we are trying a terrific experiment.

WE ARE TRYING TO SHORTEN THE WAR.

More, Please!

We have thousands of bombers. But we want more—urgently.

The new short-term policy for aircraft production may cause inconvenience to transferred workers. If they know what is at stake they'll deem it worth while.

Blow at the Heart

Bombing German arms centres to rubble may not justify all our hopes. But it will soften the enemy; it will weaken his resistance to a blow at the heart.

In Sicily we are witnessing a mighty operation planned at Casablanca. In Western Europe—our chief goal—we see a development that may improve on the Casablanca timetable. So the next few months will be vital, and air news should be our chief concern.

Big Losses

Moreover, the air-sea war still goes well. True, the U-boats may emerge from hiding for a last-ditch attempt to wreck our communications. But there is no doubt why they were forced to seek cover.

Their losses have been too expensive.

Greeks Fight Again

There are other good tidings for those who read between the lines. It is plain that Germany is having to send more troops to Greece as well as to Italy.

Many, many thousands of Greek patriots have taken up arms again to fight as bravely as ever. Evidently they are well led, well organised, and have the advantage of good staff work.

You can read a lot into that!

Unity at Last

There is a second Balkans shock for the enemy. No longer are the "Patriots" and the "Partisans" warring against each other.

By warring against the Axis, they should be able to tie down scores of German, Italian and Bulgarian divisions.

Dr. Grobba Again

But a new Nazi propaganda campaign must be expected in the Middle East as a result of Dr. Grobba's visit to Berlin.

Despite the Allied Spring-clean in Syria and Persia, this wily quisling still has a network of active agents working for the Axis among the Arabs.

Coming to London

Of far greater importance will be the mission to London of Adolf Berle.

He was one of the "Big Five" of President Roosevelt's Brains Trust. He did much to frame the New Deal. Lately, he has been busy on plans for the economic reconstruction of Europe.

Urgent Task

That is a more urgent task, he considers, than political settlements. And he's right.

We must be absolutely ready to feed, clothe and give "rehabilitation" facilities to the peoples of Europe as, one by one, they are freed from Axis slavery.

Getting Urgent

Without banking on an early victory, we must acknowledge that this gigantic feat of organisation has been brought nearer by the Battle of Sicily.

But one difficulty has arisen.

Is It Fair?

The administration of this enormous business will have to be controlled by a central committee. M. Litvinov, for the Soviet Union, is insistent that the committee shall be made up from the four major Powers—the U.S.A., Britain, the U.S.S.R., and China.

But other States, Holland in particular, object that this isn't democratic. They want to have all the United Nations' representatives as members.

Talking It Over

It is likely that President Roosevelt will call a new conference next month, at Saratoga Springs, to discuss this question and frame the Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

A difficult poser, you'll admit. Experience has shown that big committees are unwieldy; small committees work quicker.

But what about the rights of the small States?

Here at Home

We shall meet with other thorny questions in this business of rebuilding the world. No doubt about that!

There is no doubt either that they'll have to be answered before we can plan *in detail* the rebuilding of Britain. Yet we can at least prepare to put our house in order.

Not Forgetting Beveridge

Mr. Bevin's work on post-war unemployment schemes, such dazzling plans as the L.C.C. proposals for a new London, cannot be carried out unless the Government proceeds with the reforms outlined in the Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow Reports. And, of course, there's the Beveridge Plan!

On the latest Pensions Bill, Mr. Churchill has had to veto the "can't-afford-it" policy of Sir Kingsley Wood and grant the concessions demanded by the public.

Next, we hope, he will authorise the reforms on which Britain can be reshaped when war is done.

(Continued overleaf)

"ON ANY NIGHT AT ANY PLACE IN GREAT BRITAIN A SUBSTANTIAL RAID MIGHT BE MADE"—*The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., Minister of Home Security.*

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER
Continued from preceding page

Rosier Outlook for Red Duster Men—Go 'First'—Tomatoes in the Bag

THE subject of post-war shipping has now been officially aired—with what Mr. (Communist) Gallacher called a lot of windy generalisations.

Certainly the House of Commons debate had more than the usual sprinkling of platitudes. And where better conditions for our Merchant Seamen are concerned we don't want empty talk.

Progress Pledged

But, in fairness, let's admit that there were Government pledges as well as platitudes.

These pledges—that after the war Britain will once again take a maritime lead; that we're prepared to work internationally on shipping problems; and that we intend to get the best possible conditions for our seamen—were made so definitely that it will be difficult to slip out of them.

The first two are eminently satisfactory; they go as far as the Government can go at the moment.

They've Faced It

But the promise about conditions at sea was too much of a windy generalisation. Recent JOHN BULL articles have shown that improvements are possible and easy *now*.

In forty-six months of war there hasn't been a single case of a Merchant Navy crew (civilians, be it noted) objecting to any voyage, no matter what the hazards. We can give men like these more than promises, surely. Even while the war job's being done.

More for Ack-Ack?

The Merchant Seamen don't demand a lot—and as often as not they're ready to give the credit to others. The other day, for instance, we got a letter from a man at sea whose only complaint was that the soldiers of the Maritime Ack-Ack are not getting the treatment they deserve.

Danger Money

He said these men—sea-going gunners of the British Army—get only three shillings a day compared with the Merchant Seamen's war-risk money of 6s. 6d. a day. "They're in as much danger as we are," he argued, "can't something be done for them?

Give Them Jobs

So many instances of willing labour going to waste have been reported in our letters this week that we can't hope to go into detail. But we beg of the Ministry of Labour to ask us more about:—

Case 1: Mr. R., of Peterborough, is a fully qualified radio engineer who's been out of work for 18 months. He's got first-class references, his own testing equipment and a burning desire to be doing something, no matter what part of the country it's in.

Case 2: Mr. B., of Leeds, feels he's not alone in the wilderness of unemployment. We wish he were, because it's so wrong that there should be others like him. He's fifty-two, trained in the building trade, and denied a job, even in a war factory.

Overlong Hours

While these men—and probably scores of others—are forced to be idle, very many war workers are still having to put in too many hours.

JOHN BULL was the first to say that excessive hours should be cut down. We said it even in those feverish days after Dunkirk. Now, Mr. G. P. Barnett, Superintendent-Inspector of Factories for East Lancashire, has been suggesting that any firm whose hours are in the neighbourhood of 60 a week could advantageously reduce them to 50 or 55.

Packed Out

Despite constant proddings the Government has refused to issue a clear order that third-class passengers may travel first when all the third-class seats are full.

The result this last holiday week or two has been ridiculous. A minute or so before the 10.5 left Preston on a recent Sunday night there were only three compartments with vacant seats. Everywhere else passengers were standing four, six, and eight to a compartment.

The three compartments—first-class, of course—had six passengers between them.

One was empty.

Vague Orders

A railway official rudely refused to open these carriages, but in the end one of his colleagues with more commonsense and a good deal more courtesy unlocked the doors. The seats were filled in a second or so.

The rude railwayman (who gave his name to a JOHN BULL representative) has some excuse. No doubt he'd never had clear instructions from his chiefs, and no doubt he'd been pestered often before by harassed travellers.

Your Answer

The answer's simple: the railway companies had better make up their minds to open up first-class carriages when necessary.

And in the meantime our advice to readers is to insist that it's done. Not as a right, but as a piece of war time reasonableness.

At the Town Hall

Shopkeepers in The Square at St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancashire, have been puzzled lately by the ways of their local Town Hall. They formed a fire-guard team, and, as an extra precaution, got in a firewatcher whom they paid for six nights' work a week.

He'd Changed

When they came to insure him they found at the Town Hall that he wasn't a firewatcher at all. By some mysterious official interpretation he had become a night watchman. This meant more than £3 for the insurance premium instead of 6s. 6d.

Probably the Town Hall has translated some Government rule correctly. Who knows what idiocies lie buried in the mass of war time Orders?

Tomatoes in Plenty

Another puzzle from Lancashire: How can the distribution of tomatoes work fairly when some producers are allowed to sell direct to Blackpool holiday-makers?

A reader tells us that on Friday mornings lately a crowd of visitors have been coming to the place where he lives (famous for its glasshouses) and leaving with bags, and even suitcases, packed with tomatoes.

At Right Place

Though we've more than doubled our home production of tomatoes they're still too scarce. A Norfolk reader gives another reason why distribution has gone all to pieces.

Since 1927 he's been supplying the whole of his own district, both wholesale and retail. Now he's been told that a grower ten miles away is to take over his customers and he must send his produce to Lowestoft by rail and handcart.

The new supplier, who previously sent his tomatoes in the first instance to Lowestoft, now has to deliver them the ten miles by road.

Milk for Pigs

Tomatoes are not the only thing to test our distributive machinery. A woman land worker in Essex complains that she's been getting only half a pint of milk a day while farmers near by have been giving good milk to their pigs and calves.

They dare not sell it, even to their own workers, because that's against the law. In some cases surplus (!) milk has been thrown down the drains.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **H.Q. of Nazi Party in Italy has transferred from Rome to the North. In Rome Italian tempers against their German allies are running too high.**

● *Ehrich, leader of the Germans in Italy and Hitler's principal Gestapo agent there, has returned to Germany to report.*

● Prices of "transportable" wealth in Axis Europe—stamps, jewels, pictures, etc.—have jumped between 600 per cent. and 2,000 per cent. in last three months.

● **More Nazi families have fled to South-Western France, Austria and Hungary, away from R.A.F. targets in the same period than the total of German travellers in all Europe since 1940.**

● *Once again German hopes of a Japanese attack against Russia to coincide with their own offensive have been dashed. Japan demanded "results first" before the question could even be discussed.*

● In a desperate attempt to win over people in occupied Russia, Germans are offering abolition of forced labour, release of political prisoners, free state rebuilding, and pensions for war wounded—yet (Nazis complain) guerilla warfare increases.

● **Michael of Rumania is the latest Quisling who is using the discomfiture of the Axis to free himself from Fascist fetters. He is putting forward stiff demands in exchange for continued collaboration.**

● Crisis is near, and may result in a Nazi coup, which, however, would involve German army and Black Guard in an unwanted, costly adventure.

● **A young Scots woman, having completed her training at the Government Training Centre, Springburn, Glasgow, was offered employment as an aircraft fitter in her home town.**

She wasn't allowed to take the job and instead was sent to a place in the South of England. That was a bitter disappointment which she accepted as a war-time necessity.

★ ★ ★

But apparently it wasn't very necessary because she found at the end of her journey that the job she'd come to do did not exist. For nearly a fortnight she had to sit idling. Then she heard she was to go on a sixteen weeks' course for electrical fitting.

That course may not have been arranged to cover up someone's muddling—but it certainly looks like it.

Ruled Too Rigidly

In the country the food problem is in many ways worse than in the towns. Villagers can't eke out their rations at a works canteen or British Restaurant.

All the more reason, therefore, why good Government rules shouldn't be made stupid by sticking to them too rigidly.

Plots Protected

One Government rule *is* going to be stuck to—and properly. After a long day's debate last week there was a little Parliamentary discussion which attracted scant attention. Which was strange because it affected more than one and a half million people—the nation's allotment-holders.

Some M.P.s wanted to relax the regulation under which trespassers can be prosecuted even if they do no damage.

They didn't get what they wanted and so allotment-holders—who've been suffering badly from pilfering—will continue to have special wartime protection.

Invoices Faked

Protection, too, is needed for shopkeepers who're being tricked by fake invoices. Black marketeers are touring the country selling things like razor blades, combs, cosmetics and handbags to small retailers.

The prices are not too high because they include purchase tax which the racketeers have never paid. Authentic-looking invoices are produced, but, of course, they have false names and fictitious addresses. And they don't show details of purchase tax, as the law demands.

Watch the Gangs

Retailers who fall into the trap may find themselves liable to prosecution. The worthless invoices can't be used to justify selling prices.

The Central Price Regulation Committee has warned traders to watch the invoice trick—not only for their own sakes but to help in stamping out the touring gangs.

Shop Robbery

Another racket, which we mentioned a few weeks ago, is still going strong. Repair shop robbery is spreading.

A woman reader recently took a frock to be repaired. It had a small cigarette burn. She was asked 32s. 6d. The original cost of the frock was 35s.

There is no price control over repairs or alterations done more than a month after clothes are bought. But there's going to be. The Central Committee is working on a scheme to stop this profiteering.

WITHOUT FEAR

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for staple commodities.

Consider a few illustr
war economic system—if
called.

In March, 1937, copper
By the end of the year
Rubber was sold at 35½d.
had fallen to 2¼d. in 1932

How could the world
balanced on such reckless
The answer, of course, i

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

"THE ONLY WAY"

ALL sane men and women dream of a new heaven and a new earth after this war is over. It would be madness to permit a return to the bad old days.

JOHN BULL has maintained consistently that world peace and prosperity can be assured *only* by international collaboration.

And we have urged that the leaders of the United Nations should prepare *immediately* for international action—action to abolish mass unemployment in every country; action to secure the fairer distribution of the earth's abundant resources to all mankind.

It is gratifying, therefore, to note that something is being done.

Plans are being made, proposals are being canvassed which—given the necessary co-ordination and ratification by all the United Nations' governments—may very well fashion a new earth in our own lifetimes.

The plans are bold. Most courageous of all is a comprehensive and enlightened scheme for organising world trade on the lines we have so long advocated in these columns.

It has been worked out in detail by the World Trade Alliance Association, and is outlined in a shilling booklet that should be studied by every intelligent citizen.

Sir Edgar R. Jones, who sponsors the plan, is no theorist. An ex-M.P., he was controller of the Priority Department of the Ministry of Munitions in the last war and has had other important links with business and national planning.

In brief, he has sufficient experience to know that his scheme for a World Trade Alliance would work, and no doubt it will receive world-wide publicity.

For it is a closely reasoned plan by which the major economic ills of all mankind could be removed.

CONSIDER one illustrative fact: after the war the belligerent countries are bound to have a huge surplus of iron and steel.

But there will be many backward countries urgently in need of these things, and, either by some form of lease-lend or by outright gift, it will *pay* mankind to divide this surplus among the peoples who can use it.

Sir Edgar Jones advocates the setting up forthwith of a series of world export product committees, each to deal with some primary food or raw material and to arrange for its equitable distribution throughout the world.

He also wants to see established a central world clearing bureau, whose main object would be to arrange for every country to balance, as far as possible, its total imports and exports by "an exchange of products of employment *for* products of employment."

In addition to these main committees and bureaux there would need to be a world development commission, designed to raise the standard of living and increase the purchasing capacity of backward peoples.

And such countries would need a central world debt and money commission to deal with their finances until such time as they could regulate their own affairs by the import/export exchange of their own products.

There must, too, be rigorous control of prices for staple commodities.

Consider a few illustrations of our crazy pre-war economic system—if "system" it can be called.

In March, 1937, copper was sixpence a pound. By the end of the year it had fallen to 4½d. Rubber was sold at 35½d. a pound in 1925, but had fallen to 2½d. in 1932.

How could the world's economic budget be balanced on such reckless fluctuations of prices? The answer, of course, is that it wasn't. With the results of mass unemployment, artificial poverty and widespread misery.

Obviously, there must be world agreements on basic prices before a world economy can be planned. And it must be planned if we are to raise the standard of living wherever it is low, and thus raise the level of world consumption to the capacity of world output.

The Atlantic Charter and Mutual Aid Agreement show that the leaders of the United Nations appreciate these universal requirements and intend to meet them.

Furthermore, several spokesmen on both sides of the Atlantic, but particularly in the U.S.A., have already stressed the importance of making *immediate* preparation for the post-war period—a period which *may* come suddenly and soon.

Unfortunately, there is a wide gap to bridge between talk of planning and the general acceptance of approved and practical plans.

But it can be bridged.

At the recent Hot Springs Conference on Food and Agriculture the representatives of over forty nations took only seventeen days to reach unanimous agreement on certain economic principles, to ensure freedom from want.

Mr. Eden has told Parliament that the Government has accepted the Hot Springs resolutions.

Another encouraging sign of world-wide co-operation is the Allied Wheat Agreement, by which wheat has been pooled and made available, when and where needed, at a reasonable price.

Seeing that no primary commodity can be more difficult to deal with than wheat, there can be no doubt that what has been done for "the staff of life" can be done equally effectively for every other basic necessity for ample living.

There are other signs of intelligent and far-reaching provisions for the future.

Last week, for example, Mr. Philip Noel-Baker made known to Parliament the Government's policy for shipping after the war. It is a policy which promises to be both realistic and drastic.

Mr. Noel-Baker made it clear that the Government is prepared to co-operate with other countries on this matter:

"We shall need arrangements for the joint control and use of the shipping of the world of a very close kind. Collaboration among the United Nations must be comparable to that which we have in the war days."

Even more important, probably, is the Keynes Plan for introducing a little belated sanity into world finance and currency.

In some respects, it is similar to the World Trade Alliance scheme already discussed, and it suggests four lines of approach:

The mechanism of currency and exchange;

The framework of a commercial policy to regulate the exchange of goods, tariffs, subsidies, and so on;

The regulation of production, distribution and prices so as to prevent the fantastic fluctuations in the pre-war markets; and

Investment aid for the countries whose economic development needs assistance from outside.

THE first of these points is dealt with in an official White Paper under the title "Proposals for an International Clearing Union."

The other three have still to be worked out and published.

Here, then, in the Keynes Plan, the Hot Springs Conference, the Mutual Aid Agreement, as well as the Atlantic Charter, we have an earnest of the Government's own interest in international planning.

It is a start, and a good start, towards solving the economic diseases that have riddled the ranks of humanity for generations.

But all the various agreements and schemes which comprise this start need co-ordinating.

They must be welded into a whole—into one comprehensive international plan of co-operation to which all nations can subscribe.

Let this be done, and the future will be as bright as the dreams of those men and women who are anxious for a new world of peace, prosperity and progress.

This Will Make Some Employers Mad

PRODUCTION is falling in a big engineering factory way up north.

It is slumping because the men are resentful.

They feel it is degrading to have supervisors standing over them with stop-watches.

* * *

And it isn't hard to understand their indignation. After all, they are skilled engineers. They know their jobs—and do them without slacking.

They are not machines, they are *men*. And men do not give of their best when they are treated with suspicion or made to feel like convicts under the watchful eye of a warder.

They have expressed their views to the management. The answer given them is simply that the firm will refuse to set any times for bonus jobs without the use of the stop-watch.

One of the directors, an M.P., has been similarly approached. He refuses to intervene.

Telling JOHN BULL that this particular firm was for long hostile to trade unionism, a local official of the A.E.U. argues that prices can be decided by less objectionable means than by use of the watch.

He concludes caustically: "Its use has been successfully resisted even in Germany."

So much for one type of firm on war work. Another, by way of extreme contrast, is represented by a company which turns out aeroplane starters, gyro pilots and other instruments to the value of £17,000,000 a year.

It is in the U.S.A., and was founded by a man who was once a humble machinist. Now he's a millionaire, but he hasn't forgotten what he thought when he stood at the bench.

On joining his pay-roll, a worker is first given a complete medical examination, a £500 accident insurance policy, a health insurance policy for his family, and a guarantee of £5 a week for two months should he fall ill.

* * *

To say nothing of two sets of overalls, a pair of work shoes, and free laundry service.

And so he starts work. There's radio music all day—if he wants it. He can smoke and sing at the job.

But there are bigger shocks to come.

If he gets tired, he can stop work and have a Turkish bath!

Every few months he is given a £10 bonus for good production, at Christmas a nest-egg averaging £60.

* * *

Yes, it will sound mad to those unenlightened firms who—thank heavens they are not in the majority—still think of the worker as "something to be watched," as a lazy scallywag who will "bilk the boss" if he can.

Yet this American firm isn't bilked. It has a waiting list of 34,000 people wanting jobs.

It has also a higher production record per worker than any other factory in the United States.

Now, JOHN BULL doesn't expect that its astonishing methods will promptly be adopted in British war factories.

But we do suggest it's time our backwoodsmen in industry should realise that skilled artisans are decent citizens—and should be treated as such even when at work.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I think you will concede that of all your critics in the past none has been so consistently uncompromising as I. Now concessions are at hand—increased pensions and the transfer of the onus of proof from the claimant to the Government.

The Royal Warrant, too is to be revised, and the new pensions scheme will come into operation in the early autumn.

These gains, I agree, are considerable, and they will help to alleviate many cases of hardship.

Yet some dissatisfaction is bound to remain. The clouds have not been driven from the pensions sky; rather are they just beginning to lift.

For instance, the increase in pensions for total disability is expected to be 2s. 6d. a week, bringing the make-up to £2.

Perhaps you and the War Cabinet think this a princely concession. I don't. Nor, I feel, do the men who stormed the Sicilian beaches.

The stigma of meanness still sticks to the whole Government Pensions scheme. Many M.P.s want that stigma removed. The House of Commons debate on the subject shows that M.P.s are not content with the present reforms.

And M.P.s must not relax their vigilance. They are in a position of trust so far as our fighting men are concerned.

I hope you will have further evidence soon that they are worthy of that trust. —JOHN BULL.

Sir CECIL HURST, K.C., Chairman of Committee, International Law Conference

DEAR SIR CECIL,—To you and the jurists of pillaged and rapined Europe may fall the enviable task of sitting in judgment on Hitler, Mussolini and other infamous members of the Axis hierarchy.

You are versed in the tortuous ways of international law. For more than a quarter of a century you advised the Foreign Office on legal problems. But in those days the public did not know you. Not until you became President of the Court of International Justice at the Hague did you achieve that wider fame which your qualities merit.

If and when you bring Hitler to justice you will hear witnesses, some living. But more poignant, more sonorous, more insistent will be the silent evidence of the shattered towns, the burnt-out villages and the crowded graveyards in the lands the Nazis have trampled and persecuted.

Before the last war ended a prophetic German, Carl Rosemeier, warned the Allies: "They'll cheat you yet, these Junkers. Having won half the world by bloody murder, they are going to win the other half with tears in their eyes, crying for mercy."

The prophecy was true. The warning was unheeded.

And so it is good to know that the legal body over which you preside is already functioning. It is an earnest of the Allies' determination that this time the criminals of Europe shall not escape retribution.—JOHN BULL.

[P.S.—If my hopes come true, history will write you down as "The Man Who Pronounced Hitler's Doom."]

Mr. ALBERT TAYLOR, President, Federation of Trade Unions

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that you warned the members of your Federation that the Brave New World so many of us desire after the war is not going to evolve itself. "Trade unions," you said, "who have made great sacrifices during the war are entitled to expect substantial reforms after the war. But we still have to fight for them."

Time and again I have uttered a similar warning to my readers. Social reforms will *not* fall like ripe plums into the laps of the men and women of this country.

Herbert Morrison, like you a man of vision, has already warned: "Paradise will not be handed to us on a plate. It must be worked for, thought for, voted for.'

To which warning you add the words—"and fought for." The struggle will be bitter. Anyone of intelligence can see that the foes of the "common" man—and how "uncommon" he has proved in the last few years—are massing their strength for the social clash.

They will fight hard against the Beveridge Plan; they will resist with all the power of their millions any attempt to rationalise industry; they will yield little without contest.

Yet they realise that in the end everything depends on the common man whose betterment they are out to prevent.

There must be no more apathy, no more expectations of easy reforms. The common man must work, fight, think—and, above all, use his vote intelligently.' And he must remember, to parody Dryden, that "None but the Brave deserves the Fair New World."—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GRANTLY READ DICK, 25, Harley Street, W.1

DEAR DOCTOR,—Your plea for a Ministry of Reconstruction, separate from the Ministry of Health and divorced entirely from surgery and medicine, is one which has my hearty commendation and support.

Our birth rate is increasing. The child in times of war becomes more precious. When peace comes the task of rearing healthy children and fitting them for a wider, better life will be one of prime importance.

Mothers, the world over, have in the main been given a raw deal in the past. Neglect of maternity has been shocking. Even today, in this country, women bear their children in squalid homes because no hospital accommodation is available or because they cannot afford the small cost of confinement away from home.

In many cases they resume their household tasks far too early after childbirth. Here again the economic factor is responsible. Because of it women go through life suffering pain and ill-health.

A Ministry of Reconstruction—why not Ministry of Motherhood? a much better word—would change all that. It would ensure better children, happier mothers. And it would, in time, build up a healthier, more beautiful, more contented nation. Could *any* Ministry be created for a better purpose?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MARY CHANNELL, Northamptonshire

DEAR MRS. CHANNELL,—Two years ago at the age of 25 you rented an empty shop in the village where you live, installed a foot press, and, with the help of a neighbour, began to produce war supplies.

To-day your factory employs 40 women, most of them your neighbours. It is equipped with machines which cost £1,000 of your own money. And, since your modest venture began, you have turned out 2,000,000 manufactured parts.

Sometimes I wonder at the stupidity of men who declare women to be without enterprise or organising ability. And sometimes I despair of certain men whose lives are dominated by sex antagonisms.

The success of your factory is proof that women can plan as well as cook, develop business as well as darn socks, increase production of spare parts as well as of babies.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would not have had the courage or the enterprise to start as you did and to develop a one-press shop into a busy factory.

But, such men cannot withhold admiration for a job well done. And I, being one of them, take off to you my old and battered topper.—JOHN BULL.

Luck, the Unseen Mainspring of Life

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

A COLLEAGUE who left the country a few days ago to report the war "somewhere at sea" bought a few drinks for his friends before he flew on his mysterious mission.

That is traditional. For of all the spots in Britain where excuses are to be found for "the odd spot" Fleet Street is the most fertile and ingenious breeding-ground for those occasions.

★ ★ ★

When my friend comes home we'll have a few more drinks to welcome his return. If he departs again we'll speed his going with a drink or two and the traditional toast of "Good Luck."

"Good luck, Tony!" We all said the same as we clinked glasses with his. Tony smiled.

I knew why he was smiling. Before we had foregathered at the bar he had turned out one of his pockets. There was a "lucky" silver threepenny piece—a talisman from his sister. There was a ring of elephant's hair—a mascot, supposedly, of great good luck.

There were other charms, including a tiny animal carved in ivory. Small, insignificant though it looked, it bore a remarkable history.

Swirling, oil-dripping Pacific seas had washed it when H.M.S. *Repulse* was sunk by Jap bombers. Since then the mascot had been carried by men in four warships torpedoed by enemy submarines, and each time the man who had it had survived.

Was this pure coincidence, or was there, indeed, some peculiar quality about the ivory animal that safeguarded its keeper from danger?

I confess that the question baffles me. The history of talismans and charms is almost as old as man.

Cave-dwellers and men of the Stone Age had their mascots. Maybe the charms in those days were prized pieces of polished minerals or tufts of hair from mighty animals killed in fierce combat.

★ ★ ★

Literature throughout the ages is rich with stories of amulets. Early Christians used to wear the Ichthus as a charm. It was used as a symbol of Christ because the word is formed of the initial letters of *Iésons, Christos, Theou, Uios, Soter.* Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. This notarica was used on seals, urns, rings and tombstones.

In Arabia a talisman consisting of a piece of paper on which are written the names of the Seven Sleepers and their dog is still used to protect a house from ghosts and demons.

★ ★ ★

I have seen people produce their "lucky" mascots at card-tables; I have seen men play badly at golf because they have left their "lucky" putter or "lucky" spoon at home; I have known people pursue the rainbow of easy money because the heavens foretold a period of "luck."

Luck, luck, luck! It is a fascinating word. It magnetises, charms and deceives. It drives away reason and scorns logic. It leads some to disaster, others to riches.

You'll hear people talk of "lucky" marriages, "lucky" breaks, "lucky" tips, "lucky" enterprises. You've heard the envy in voices which speak of the luck of others.

But luck or no luck, the love of mascots, talismans, amulets persists. Man, the higher being, still bears the ancient stigma of rude superstition which dominated the cave-dwellers.

Yet . . . Good luck, Tony!

Nothing Could Beat "Old Battleaxe"

★ The enemy has no respect for hospital ships. But it's only fair to add that some British nurses —and a matron with a frosty smile—have not much respect for torpedoes. They will even make a shipwreck into a boating match

SONS OF THE SEA—2

★

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

SOME day, someone will write the story of the hospital ships, and the nurses, doctors, orderlies and seamen who sail in them.

Do not suppose that the story will lack excitement. I could give you a list of British hospital ships deliberately attacked by the Axis: *Atlantis, Maid of Kent, Brighton, Paris, St. Julien, St. Andrew, Aba, St. David, Isle of Guernsey, St. Dinard, Worthing, Vita I, Karapara*. . . . And another last week off the coast of Sicily!

Personnel have been killed or wounded. Ships have been sunk after savage attacks, though it's always been obvious what these vessels were doing, and they can't be mistaken by day or by night.

You may guess, then, that being Matron to war nurses involves risks and calls for high courage under actual battle conditions. Here's the story of one of these matrons whose ship was sunk under her.

She was affectionately known to her charges as "Old Battleaxe." Tales about her had become legendary long before the shipwreck. It was said that a young lieutenant, with a lieutenant's cheek, came to the hospital one day and asked to see a pretty nurse. He was shown into the matron's room.

"I'm afraid we have a rule that nurses may be seen, during duty hours, by relatives only," she told him.

"Oh, *that's* all right, Matron," the lad answered with an engaging smile. "I'm her brother."

Old Battleaxe regarded him with a frosty smile. "Indeed!" she said primly. "I'm delighted to meet you. I'm her mother!"

Whether this relationship was as mythical as the other, I can no more tell you than the number of the ward into which the young man was admitted for shock treatment.

But Old Battleaxe was like that: she knew all the answers; she ruled her flock with an iron hand; and the nurses, who hate half-measures in anyone, loved her for it.

Torpedoed—on Fire

The ship taking her and a large contingent of nurses overseas was part of a large, fast convoy, heavily escorted.

But no convoy can guarantee ships against attack, when the weather blinds seamen's eyes, and the sneaking U-boat comes creeping near with only the periscope awash. The ship was hit—badly.

There was a fire where the torpedo had struck, and the sea was so rough and high that ton after ton of water entered the ship's gaping wound.

Up on the bridge, Captain Alfred Yorke was giving his final directions before he had to abandon ship. Dust and smoke obscured him, but every now and then he emerged, a dogged, steady figure.

Watching steadily, he waited to give the final words—"F.W.E." (finished with engines). No seaman left his post; they could trust that figure up there on the burning bridge to tell them when to go.

Some of the ladders and lifelines were burning. The ruin was spreading. The first boatload of nurses was pulling away from the doomed ship's side. Another boatload followed.

In the first boat were a large number of American nurses. The second was almost entirely British. Rivalry started, even in those grim surroundings.

"Oxford and Cambridge!" a nurse screamed across the mountainous water. "Come on—don't let them beat us!"

The Americans became "Oxford," the British girls "Cambridge." How they cheered, when a length was gained!

They went round picking up swimmers.

One girl was pulled in with a broken leg. They heard the shattered bone grate as she was lifted.

Suddenly, a destroyer's knife-like bow went racing past to port of the little boats.

"*Keep—away—from—us!*" came a thunderous voice through a megaphone, from the destroyer's deck. "*We—are—dropping—depth—charges!*"

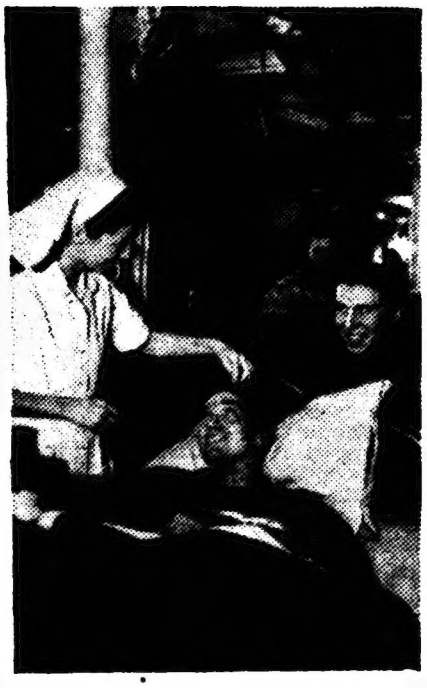
Over the side went the big black blobs. Half a minute later the water spouted sky-high in vast volcanoes, while the destroyer went on and round and turned to come back again.

The two boats, Oxford and Cambridge, lay on their oars in this macabre boatrace and just yelled!

Silence, Please!

"Not quite so much noise!" Old Battleaxe said, with that frosty smile of hers. "Remember, this is a very frequent affair with these Germans. A little less excitement, please."

Rafts with soldiers clinging on them like swarms of bees went rocking past



Of course she's popular with her patients! And you can guarantee that she will be as cheerful if ever the ship is hit by an unscrupulous enemy

in the backwash of the depth-charge explosions. The Cambridge boat now made a "grand slam" by hitching on three of these dangerously overcrowded rafts, and taking them in tow.

A lot of backchat passed between nurses and soldiers. Old Battleaxe did not allow that sort of thing as a rule, but now she smiled, and once or twice even added a caustic word or two herself.

The girls began to smoke; someone had managed to keep a petrol-lighter dry. Cigarettes were passed back, as soon as they were properly lit, to the men clinging desperately on the rafts.

There were still a lot of people swimming towards the boats and rafts; and the "boatrace" was still on.

Skipper Yorke, in the Cambridge boat, probably one of the heaviest coxwains on record, skilfully guided his way through the climbing seas, and picked up nine soldiers, one after another.

The atmosphere, with a lowering sky and the deafening explosions of depth charges, the thunder of the seas and the whistling of the wind, was like an insane bank-holiday; you could hear banter yelled from wavetop to wavetop; and on some of the rafts, men were singing in a rough chorus.

Some of the nurses were too sick to sing. But they tried. From a raft came the chorus: "You are my sunshine . . ." and the girls sang back: "Daisy—Daisy—Give me your answer, do. . . ."

Everyone took that up. Except Old Battleaxe, who was looking primly round to see that none of her charges was flirting.

Out of Danger

Time passed, and the U-boats, despairing of getting much else except hard knocks, gave up the attack.

And then there were no more explosions, and the warships came round to pick up the people in the boats, and search for any swimmers still afloat.

Perhaps, down below, a U-boat or two had settled in the depths, where eyeless creatures of the sea would play in and out of their shattered hulls for ever. And the others, maybe, had gone fleeing back to Germany or France, to report to Goebbels that another few hundred thousand tons of British shipping had been sunk.

In any case, Old Battleaxe didn't care. There she was, shepherding her nurses down into the warmth and comfort of a warship's cabin, with a sharp and frosty eye lifting for that young lieutenant who said he was a pretty nurse's brother, and for the evergreen hundreds of his kind the Navy breeds unceasing.

She never feared a torpedo, but with these young men . . . well, you cannot tell what excuses they'll invent next!

You'll Hear More of Our Gliders!

OUR invasion of Sicily gave the Germans many surprises.

And not the least was the dazzling success of our glider pilots.

★ ★ ★

All the leaders of German aviation I have met—Dornier and Messerschmitt among them — have argued that the German is the natural birdman.

Or, as Dornier once told me, mixing his boasting with a little flattery: "We Germans sail by instinct in the air as you British sail by instinct on the sea."

Well, they know better now—unless they are blind to all comparisons.

They've seen how our lads in magenta berets whistled through the mists of a pre-dawn hour to land their human cargoes at prearranged spots.

And they can think bitterly of what happened when their glider troops tried to reinforce and replenish Von Arnim in Africa in his recent hour of crisis.

How few got through—and how many of their machines went crashing down into the sea! *Twenty-one fully-laden monster power-assisted gliders were shot down in a matter of minutes—remember?*

Yes, the secret is out. We now have the best gliders in the world, and the men to fly them.

And even better machines are on the way from our factories—in thousands.

For gliders lend themselves better than power-driven craft to intensive mass-production methods.

The enemy's idea, ever since he built the first military machine, is to go on building them bigger and bigger.

His latest, the M.E.323, carries a three-ton lorry or tank and 100 troops, and mounts eighteen machine-guns.

Actually, it has ceased to be a glider. It is powered with six Gnome-Rhone engines wrung out of unwilling French workers, to give it great range when once aloft.

★ ★ ★

A wonderful target—both the glider and the machine that tows it!

But our ultimate aim seems to be the long glider-train of smallish machines, each carrying perhaps fifteen to twenty men—able to break away separately and go in widely different directions, on which the towing craft is able to stand up and give an excellent account of itself.

Not so small, though. Recall the glider that recently brought a 1½-tons cargo over the Atlantic, some of it supplies for Russia.

★ ★ ★

It doesn't seem so long ago that Captain Harold Balfour, M.P., now Under-Secretary of State for Air, flew me in his little two-seater to one of the first glider meetings.

We saw with dismay that most of the gliders shown were of German construction. Some, designed by Willie Messerschmitt, were the forerunner of what is now the Nazi's ace fighter.

"They're not allowed to build power machines, so they build these," said Balfour bitterly. He was one of the first to recognise the fact.

But what he saw as German trickery spurred Balfour to keep fighting. And so he pioneered the Empire Air Training Scheme, which is doing much to bring victory.

And now—Sicily has shown it—we are supreme, and are rapidly becoming more so.

MAURICE FAGENCE.

★ Fearless critic, famed for his devastating attacks on all shams, Swaffer can also hand out bouquets. Summing up the war record of the ordinary people of Britain, he says, simply and sincerely, that their unity and resolve have set a model for all Posterity.

You Are Wonderful!

—says HANNEN SWAFFER

TRY to imagine a Martian landing on the British Isles this week—after nearly four years of History's most merciless war.

What would he see?

Imagine him wandering around the streets in this, our long-drawn-out "finest hour," peering into the faces of the passers-by.

What would impress him?

He would have set foot on an island peopled by a race that, only four years ago, was considered "decadent" by swanking Nazis, and that, less than twelve months afterwards, was said to be a chicken whose neck Hitler was about to wring.

Yet, suddenly awakening from its sloth, this people had saved its soul by saving all mankind. It had earned, by its valour and its stalwartness, a record printed in gold on the pages of Immortality.

And now, powerfully armed after many months of ceaseless toil, and with allies daily growing in strength, it was assailing the Continent before which it once lay defenceless.

The Martian, believe me, would find little to thrill him.

He would see only an apparent casualness. He would hear, when the midnight news was listened to from the air, some such remark as: "There's nothing fresh!"

In the cities and the villages there would be the usual growls; for the British will stand anything so long as they can complain. In what would make almost any other race despair, or in the hours of conquest, they remain unemotional either in defeat or victory.

Who would believe, seeing them to-day, that in three years they had reduced the almighty *Luftwaffe* into what is almost a joke; conquered—for the time at least—the U-boat peril; solved the problem of the magnetic mine; perfected radiolocation; launched the two most daring amphibious expeditions in history; and, although not a military nation, built up an Army almost without equal?

Mr. Everyman's Glory

All this, to judge from the mood that would astonish the Martian, is taken for granted.

History, when it records this period of our race's greatest glory, will write of it as the apotheosis of the ordinary man and woman.

We have not been saved by military or naval generals and admirals, but by ourselves.

The future will speak of the eight years before 1939 as our time of deepest shame, of our betrayal of everything for which we stood for centuries, of our refusal, and our incompetence, to help China, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, or Czechoslovakia. But then it will tell of a Britain that, suddenly resurgent, became the admiration of the universe.

Dr. Lang, then Archbishop of Canterbury, called the war "God's judgment upon the nations." Viscount Gort told us that it was caused because we had forgotten the lessons taught us at our mothers' knees and because we had rolled along the roads on Sundays, in our Rolls-Royces.

Yet, these same "wicked people" braved a blitz in which, in just over two years, 47,291 were killed and 55,643 were injured!

These "wicked people" forgot all their differences of creed and caste, of ranks or politics, in a common comradeship.

It was the "sinners" who saved Christianity. Heroism shone resplendent in the back streets. Chivalry illumined the poorest homes. Majesty strode in the darned clothes of the humblest citizen.

And, while the bombs were still falling on our scarce-defended towns, 25,000,000 people had joined the Services, the Civilian Defence Forces, or the ranks of industry.

More than half the population was engaged in fighting or in preparation for war abroad, in making safe our homes from fire-bombs, or in learning how to treat our wounded, or else in making the tanks, the 'planes, the guns, or one or other of the 750,000 "items" needed for the equipment of a modern army.

It was in the moment of our grimmest danger that, in sonnet form, I paid this tribute to the unsung heroism of our unnamed heroes and heroines:

Blent to a purpose that was All-Divine,
They faced the toil, the sweat, the blood, the tears—
In air, on sea, on land, in works and mine—
To guard the guerdon of a thousand years.
Laughing amid the carnage of the air,
Slaving amid the havoc from the skies,
Unwittingly the humblest had a share
In History's most glorious enterprise.
What Majesty and Might and Pomp betrayed,
In all our back streets in a thousand towns,
Now more historic than is Agincourt,
Their unimportance sheltered unafraid.
Our Joneses and our Robinsons and Browns
Are unknown warriors in "their finest hour."

The Black Side

Soon we were to read chiefly about the evil sides of all this—the black market, the muddle in factories, the absenteeism, the immorality, the increase in venereal disease, and of the rush of holiday-makers to the seaside in trains needed for Army transport.

Or else we listened to moans about the increase in juvenile crime, the figures of which went up, between 1938 and 1942, by 25 per cent.

Actually, London's facts illustrate the truth generally. The Metropolis had, in 1942, one of its cleanest crime-sheets.

Britain became more sober. Britain became more healthy. Britain was better fed.

And such was its morale that you didn't notice it!

Calm and Confident

In the period of our deepest peril we showed such a calmness that I remember it with amazement, no fear, no defeatism in the ranks of the ordinary folk—certainly there was some in higher circles—no sign of a lack of confidence in ultimate triumph.

We remained, we British, just ordinary people, neither in despair over the loss of Singapore nor arrogant over the taking of Tunis.

And some had mocked at Democracy! They called it old-fashioned! In the supreme hour of danger it was justified a thousand times.

Even when the electoral truce stopped the three big Parties from opposing one another in by-elections the enormous vote given to Independents in the days of defeat was evidence of the people's resolution.

And, "tired and worn-out" as it was considered, Parliament often acted with such resolution that it sacked from the Premiership a Chamberlain it did not trust, forced upon Churchill, even in the days of his great popularity, a Ministry of Production that he hated to create, and, only recently, twice compelled the Government in the same few days to withdraw its Pensions Bill and to start a public inquiry into the scandal of the detention camps.

The nation remained united as it never before had been in all its history.

And how is it that we stand to-day?

Yes, I know there are complaints of "too much racing" or "the large crowds at the dogs." I am well aware that there is slackness.

But the fact remains that, at this rate, we could go on for years.

And there is in the national mood a resolve and a determination that will remain, for all time, a model for Posterity.

Through

WITH relentless steps the shadow of doom closes in on Germany. It approaches from the east, from the south, from the west; by sea, on land, and in the air. But most ominous is the shadow within.

It is the most ominous because when the rot sets in at home the battle front collapses. It was so in 1918. It will be so again.

There is no more comforting assurance than the contrast of the spirit of this country and the spirit of Germany. It is the contrast between the free world and the slave world.

This country has never been engaged in a war in which the nation has been so united and so free from internal conflict as now.

There have been criticisms and discontents, but they have never sprung from doubts about waging the war. They have related only to the methods of prosecuting the war. And these differences have long since subsided.

If ever there was a nation fused into one mind and one purpose it is the British nation to-day. And so with Russia, so with America, so with China.

* * *

But so it is not and never has been with Germany. Even in the hectic days of victory there were deep divisions in the nation, and now that adversity has set in the home front is as menacing a danger as the battle fronts, east or west.

DEFEATISM HAS BECOME SO RAMPANT THAT THERE IS NO LONGER ANY ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL IT.

Goebbels is at his wits' end to adjust his internal propaganda to the grim change that has come over the scene.

He no longer appeals to the lust of conquest. He appeals to the terrors of defeat. He has ceased to deride the enemy whom in the past he has so often "annihilated," and now pictures him as a monster rather larger than life.

Defeats are no longer denied. They are even magnified, and, as in the case of Stalingrad, the nation is attuned to the measure of a funeral march.

If Germany cannot be kept together by the dramatisation of victory, it must be fused into a whole by the dramatisation of defeat.

But running counter to this motive of achieving unity by fear is the motive of the lash. The Gestapo murder gangs are becoming as busy in Germany as in the occupied countries. Witness the execution of university students in Munich, the holy city of the Nazi movement.

* * *

Most singular of all is the war that is being waged in the Press (all of it controlled by Goebbels) against the faint-hearts and traitors who are supposed to be spreading that very defeatism which Goebbels' admissions officially encourage.

Listen to the brutal counsel of the editor of a North German paper:

> "Hit them on the snout, those notorious grumblers and bleaters who find fault with everything and who wait in milk queues masquerading as good citizens and injecting their pessimistic poison into the ears of their fellow-men. . . .
>
> "Check the dirty work of those who some few hours after a town 300 miles

...gh German Eyes

★ *Hitler's fortress is beleaguered. His only real ally is tottering to destruction. His country is a shambles in which despair is growing and defeats are magnified—as we may judge by what the Germans themselves are saying*

By A. G. GARDINER

distant has a terror raid, *pretend to know already that no severe damage has been done to residential quarters or cultural monuments, but that the ironworks and the motor factory So-and-so have been completely destroyed and the victims number thousands. . . .*"

And so on to the extent of a column of blazing denunciation. In passing, note the words I have italicised. They throw a flood of light on what the public think of the official bulletins.

One wonders whether the writer, under the guise of reproof, was not deliberately "giving the show away."

* * *

What is the explanation of the landslide on the German home front? Stalingrad, Tunisia, the Ruhr, of course. But there is something else—something deeper.

We have had our dark moments too—Norway, Vichy, Crete, Tobruk. But they did not break us. They nerved our will and hardened our purpose.

Why the difference? It is not simply that we are a stouter-hearted people than the Germans. I think we are that. But the "something else" to which I refer is not that. It is this:

The Germans made a god in their own image. They worshipped him, obeyed him, followed him to destruction.

TO-DAY THEY KNOW HE WAS A FALSE GOD. AND, KNOWING THIS, THEY ARE PARALYSED, HUMILIATED, HOPELESS. A SHIP WITHOUT A CAPTAIN OR A RUDDER, RUSHING HELPLESSLY UPON THE ROCKS.

I do not pretend to know the truth about the Hitler mystery. Goebbels knows. Goering knows. The Army chiefs may know. But the German people do not know. They can only guess and wonder.

But they know that Hitler has led them to unspeakable disaster. They know that his raucous voice no longer screams the threadbare lies that once seemed to come, literally, from Sinai.

They know that their god is an idol that lies broken and scattered in the dust of the desert, on the steppes of Russia, in the ruins of the Ruhr.

* * *

The claims which Hitler set up and which the German nation endorsed put him outside the realm of mere humanity. He was not only the greatest German of his time: he was the greatest German of all time.

He was infallible. He had intuitions from a source accessible to no other mortal. He would fulfil the "mission" of Germany to inherit the earth.

He would build a German Reich that would last "a thousand years"—an empire that would swallow up Europe and dominate the world.

This isn't a good picture, technically. But history will regard it as a great picture, for it shows part of our vast invasion fleet approaching Sicily. Germans are asking where it will sail next!

All his predecessors, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm and the rest had failed for one reason or another. He would not fail. He would avoid all their blunders. He would wage a flawless war that would bring all the kingdoms of the earth toppling to dust one after another.

His scheme was cut and dried, fool-proof, impregnable. He knew how to avoid the war on two fronts. He would neutralise Russia. He would starve England out. He would conquer Europe before America could intervene. He would remove the war so far from his borders that Germany would be the only country that escaped its horrors.

He prepared a map (published in 1936) showing year by year the progress of his universal triumphs. So certain was he that his intuitions were divinely inspired.

* * *

All this he claimed. All this the docile German sheep swallowed. It was the voice of a god that spoke.

And now the whole plan is in ruins. War not on two fronts only but on every front.

All the might of the earth enveloping him. His fortress beleaguered. America in the war. Russia in the war. His only ally rocking to his fall. Germany a shambles. And encircling her the outraged and pillaged nations thirsting for retribution.

Is it to be wondered at that the morale of the German people is shaky? They have lost their god and with him their faith in themselves.

THEY STAND AGHAST AT THEIR CREDULITY IN RUSHING TO THEIR DOOM AT THE HEELS OF THE LIAR AND ROGUE WHOSE BLUNDERS ARE AS MONUMENTAL AS HIS CRIMES.

This sense of national shame is the "something else" that makes the malady of the German home front incurable.

It is bad to follow a criminal. It is doubly humiliating to follow a criminal who is discovered to be also a fool and a blunderer.

Action Orders for Europe's Slave Millions

PARLA Londra! . . . Ici Londres! . . . Here Radio Cranje! . . . Radio Polski.

There is no language under the sun in which London does not broadcast careful instructions to the people of Europe.

You can hear them yourself, day after day, night after night, but what to you may seem an interesting commentary of current events is a matter of life and death, slavery or freedom, to millions.

Every lover of freedom on the Continent has been told to the minutest detail what to do when the great hour arrives and how to work for that dawn of liberation.

* * *

It is not an easy job to co-ordinate these efforts. A veritable General Headquarters for Revolt is working at it night and day.

Think of it! Every oppressed nation has different living conditions — and different methods of fighting their slave-masters. Among them are men and women whose particular job qualifies them to serve the cause of liberation in a different way.

When we recently raided Crete, an Allied spokesman had to warn the population not to risk their lives in a premature rising.

The attack on Sicily has been accompanied by similar advice.

The people of France, on the other hand, have been given detailed instructions as to their duties.

Railway men have been singled out, for instance, for a special address on the vital part they must play in the "combined operations" of invasion forces and their allies inside Europe.

"Of all Frenchmen," they were told, "you possess the most powerful weapon to defeat the enemy."

The reason is obvious—they command the communications on which the enemy must rely for reinforcements in men and material, and without which he cannot hope to resist.

But there are also instructions to Czech munition workers, to German miners, to Belgian postmen, to the people of Norway.

* * *

Everyone is told in his own language what he can—and should—do now to prepare and later to assist the invasion of Europe.

Not that Britain's instructions to Europe are designed to harangue the people into action. On the contrary!

The greatest difficulty of those who devise the strategy of revolt is to restrain the zeal of our fettered friends, to see that no effort or energy is wasted in premature action.

To-day we can expect that the groundwork has been done so efficiently and expertly that such a contingency does not arise.

We may also be sure that the radio—which, after all, the enemy can overhear—is not the only means by which our allies on the Continent receive their instructions.

"Liaison officers" are sent into France to organise platoons of waiting rebels. Among the men fighting with the Greek and Yugoslav guerillas are many who have received military training and are in constant touch with the Allied High Command.

* * *

And the Dutch, Belgians, Poles . . . all of them, by now, know exactly what the organisers of revolt expect of them.

What is more, they realise what an integral part they are playing in the battle for their own liberation.

Hitler knows it too. Fear of this united strategy is evident in many of his moves in occupied country.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Only trumpery fines are being imposed on most of the rogues who are——

HOLDING UP THE WAR EFFORT

PEOPLE who wreck Nazi war plants in occupied lands with the lofty intention of freeing their countries from despot- have to pay with their lives.

ot so British saboteurs who jeopard- victory on behalf of their own erable pockets.

n many cases mere fines serve as ishment for thefts which hold up production of guns, tanks, aero- nes, ships.

Where sentences of imprisonment are sed they are usually for periods asured in months.

Vith the result that losses of essen- war commodities, particularly raw terials from which articles for civilian can be made to sell at sky-high ces, have reached frightening dimen- ns.

n one vast war depot, indeed, seventy ectives had to be employed before a ve of thieving—much of it by out- ers—was brought to an end.

Lifeboats on the convoy run to Russia ve actually been found stripped of nponents.

When the bonnets were lifted of Army vehicles which were being sent to troops who are risking

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

eir lives in foreign theatres of war, it s found that many vital parts had en stolen.

For want of spare parts, these vehicles uld have been out of action for four nths had the thefts not been dis- vered in time.

PRODUCTION SLOWED

Children have been drowned because e timber barriers round static tanks ve been spirited away—probably by ople who sought to make big money nstructing toys for children.

And it was not many months ago that was announced that Ulster's fast- creasing war production had been dly held up by thefts.

SAVINGS ROBBED

A YOUNG man in his early thirties walked into Scotland Yard a few ays ago and told a moving story.

So far he is one of a few; though if is brief but serious warning is un- eeded it will not be long before he is ne of many.

He was a Regular soldier until Dun- rk, and, after his injuries there, was valided out.

An impressive newspaper advertise- ent put him in touch with a man who running a company which, practically ormant at the time, was painted to him very rosy colours. The man from unkirk invested every penny he pos- essed in order to get a job.

The "job" soon proved to be just a aste of time. When he found that the an who had deceived him had a prison ecord, he journeyed—like others have one—to police headquarters.

People attracted by what appear to be xtremely lucrative posts should become iser after hearing of this ex-soldier's retched experience.

Only a little while ago I told how an x-naval man had been similarly robbed y another company.

The Government is to be commended or taking steps to stop the commutation f pensions—a system which, after the ast war, led to thousands of ex-Service- nen being rooked by those ever-green mployment-with-investment tricksters o persistently exposed by JOHN BULL.

We must see to it that this type of obber, already active, is starved out of usiness.

The people who have most right to be infuriated are the millions of honest workpeople to whom it is hateful to be an object of suspicion.

For without any doubt a main contributory cause of all this stealing is the fact that the authorities often put men with bad criminal records in charge of vast quantities of public stores.

As example: two months after leaving prison, a man with a very black record of theft was put in charge of millions of pounds worth of Admiralty stores.

And almost at once he stole goods worth £3,000.

NO QUESTIONS!

On many occasions, indeed, judges and magistrates have castigated authorities for appointing people to such positions of trust without any inquiries as to their honesty.

Yet, again, there is too little disposition to make the punishment fit the crime.

And the crime, in war time, is surely the amount of damage done to the war effort by the thief.

"Scrounging" was the term employed when men were charged with converting aeroplane components into petrol-lighters. So the men were fined.

But the completion of war 'planes was actually held up, at that moment, for want of such parts.

MADE INTO RINGS

And it was scrounging, once more, when the repair of aircraft at a Midlands depot was delayed because certain spare tubes couldn't be found.

They were found, at last, on the fingers of women in the locality. And the men who had stolen those spares and made them into rings got off with fines.

When the need for metal was at its greatest a man employed by the Ministry of Works to remove railings was found to be selling to a broker, to benefit his own pocket, rails for which patriotic people were asking no money.

That, too, was apparently scrounging. For he was fined.

Sentences of less than one year have been passed for such offences as:

Stealing 1,000 gallons of Government glycerine, so essential to the making of munitions. Highest sentence, six months.

Taking much-wanted tools sent by United States in response to our urgent appeal, and brought here at the risk of sailors' lives. Sentences, three to six months.

And the theft of timber wanted for the building of aircraft. Sentence, three months (and in a more recent case, where aeroplane timber valued at £108 7s. was involved, a fine of £60).

Our High Court judges, however, have few illusions as to what is the real crime—the mere loss of so much property or the degree to which the national war effort is affected.

With a man before him found guilty of stealing £600 worth of aluminium, brass, copper and lead from a southern shipyard, Mr. Justice Macnaghten rapped out a sentence of three years' imprisonment.

THEY KNOW

And in the case of a man who stole more than £1,000 worth of rubber sheeting made to protect our soldiers against the hazards of wet ground—he sold the whole lot for £25—the judge made the sentence four years.

The extent to which such thefts are rife is shown by the fact that tens of thousands of men and women who might be making a more positive contribution towards victory have to work as detectives.

And at one moment there were eleven totally different and distinct cases of theft of vital war material waiting for hearing at one court alone—at Woolwich.

And most of them did not concern the ordinary permanent workers there.

It is two years since a Bury Bench expressed the wish that it would one day have power to pass sentence of death where theft of war commodities proved to be sabotage of the worst type.

Mr. Justice Macnaghten rapped out a three years' sentence—and thus showed a greater appreciation of the sabotage menace than many of our magistrates

A drastic remedy, maybe. But sentences have got lighter and lighter since then.

And such thefts as I have described grow greater both in number and seriousness.

They are a canker eating at the sinews of our war effort—a canker which those who have the trial of these actions and the authorities who have to appoint people to positions of trust can do more than anybody else to kill.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. H. Griffiths, Brentfield Gardens, Hendon Way, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Information is invited about any suspected scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Mustang Dive-Bomber Gets Busy

THE battle for Sicily has brought official news of a new warplane in action—the rip-snorting young brother of the Mustang.

I can reveal now that it was in the air as far back as last October. Its secrets have been well kept!

When I wrote about the original Mustang Army co-operation 'plane in JOHN BULL on September 12, 1942, I described it as the best thing of its type yet produced.

Which it has certainly proved to be—to the cost of many crack *Luftwaffe* pilots and countless locomotive drivers and others at the wrong end of its spitting machine-guns in Occupied Europe and elsewhere.

★ ★ ★

And now it has gone "one better."

The new Mustang is a warplane of amazing possibilities.

Not content with aiming at one purpose, it has achieved the apparently impossible by brilliantly combining the rôles of fighter, dive-bomber, and ground-strafing attack 'plane—and all in a design almost identical with that of its elder brother. Quite as smart in appearance, it is only 200 lb. heavier.

Which is deceptive, because it is said to be the fastest and probably the most viciously effective dive-bomber in the world.

★ ★ ★

Powered by a 12-cylinder Allison motor, its normal flying speed is over 400 miles an hour, and even with its dive brakes extended it can plunge down in a breath-taking but quite unflurried bombing dive at 450 miles an hour.

As a fighter, its fire-power will make it a terror of the skies.

You have read of the murderous hail of death which the Flying Fortresses spit from their half-inch machine-guns.

Well, the new Mustang has no fewer than six of these deadly weapons; two synchronised to fire through the propeller blades, and four mounted in the wings.

They can bring to bear on their target such a concentrated blast of lead that it is doubtful if any fighter 'plane will even hold together against it. It should scatter enemy troops and vehicles on the ground as the wind scatters dust.

The Mustang's pilot, protected by armour-plating, can climb a mile in two minutes if he is in a hurry to intercept—and can keep hurtling upwards to a height of nearly six miles above the earth.

There is a bomb-rack under each wing, and if bombs aren't being carried the racks will hold droppable fuel tanks to give a greatly increased range and period of flying.

★ ★ ★ ★

The new Mustang is bringing yet another headache to the already sorely tried and battered *Luftwaffe*.

Its production figures cannot be stated. But I'm sure they won't ease Goering's worries.

And I predict that we shall hear more—a great deal more—of this valuable new addition to the Allied armoury.

When and where is anyone's guess.

PATRICK SPENCER.

Why the Witch Ball Was There

Sagas of the Suburbs—9 Wimbledon ★ **By 'WILL SCOTT'**

IF you happen to go into a certain antique shop in Wimbledon and ask the price of the witch ball in the window there you'd get the surprise of your life.

This isn't the new Wimbledon down by the station, the Wimbledon of buses and cinemas and multiple stores, but the old Wimbledon up on top of the hill, the Wimbledon of quaint inns and cottages where the sweeping common begins, the village that London forgot.

It would be a pretty big surprise for you to find a village there at all in times like these. But it would be nothing to the surprise you'd get if you asked the price of the witch ball in the antique shop window.

"I'm sorry, sir," the amiable man behind the counter would answer. "I'm sorry, sir (or madam), "but I'm afraid that witch ball is not for sale."

You could be as indignant as you liked.

"Why," you might say, "do you have the thing in the window if you don't want to sell it?"

"Ah," the amiable man would reply, "but, you see, madam (or sir), we have sold it."

"Then," you would demand to be told "why doesn't whoever has bought it come and take it away?"

And the amiable man would say: "Ah, but, you see, he doesn't want to take it away."

And you would say: "Doesn't *want* to take it away?"

And the amiable man would say: "No, sir (or madam). But he comes and looks at it every day."

And (after taking a very deep breath) you would say: "He—comes—and—*looks*—at—it—every—day?"

And the amiable man would say "Yes. Every day. He walks down the High Street and stands looking at it for five minutes or so, and then back home he goes. He's been doing that for three years.

"But why—ah, well now you're asking me something. I don't know. It's a mystery. He made us agree to leave it in the window when he bought it, and that's all I can tell you about the matter."

And there you'd have to leave it, and go away, probably from Wimbledon for ever, telling yourself that this old mystery would never be solved for you.

But this is where you're lucky. Although you could never solve the mystery for yourself, and although the amiable man behind the counter could never solve it for you, I *can*.

*

The Nice Old Boy lived in the old village of Wimbledon because he had lived in the old village of Wimbledon before. Long ago when he was a boy. He had been born and brought up there.

And so, when he had no longer much concern with the world in general, he retired to the place where he had begun, hoping to find there a certain something which he could never put into words, but which had been missing from his life almost ever since he had found out the terrible truth about Father Christmas.

He didn't quite know *what* it was, but he felt pretty sure it would be in old Wimbledon if it was anywhere. So back he went. And there it wasn't. . . .

It puzzled him. There was a shrunken look about everything. People seemed to be too close together. The High Street was just a street and no longer an adventure. He was disappointed.

And then one day, in the antique shop window, he saw the witch ball, and sixty years fell away from him. For the witch ball did the oddest things with the High Street of old Wimbledon.

It twisted it back into the fantastic shape it had had in his boyhood. Why, it was a mile across, and it seemed to take even a dog a year to get from one side to the other. The shops in the foreground were great big shops, but the houses in the distance were small enough for gnomes.

The witch ball made the whole place unreal, and he knew at last that for sixty years he had been suffering from reality. And he knew he would have to own it.

But not take it home. No. For there all it would show him would be a distorted garden. It would have to stay here, making Wimbledon High Street the fairy-tale place it had been when he was little, and he would come and look at it every day.

The Thin Man hadn't been in Wimbledon a fortnight before the Nice Old Boy began to get on his nerves. You can't walk up and down the High Street even for a fortnight without getting to know a good few people by sight and before long the Thin Man was more familiar with the Nice Old Boy than he was with the drinking-fountain at the top of the hill.

Sometimes the Nice Old Boy went to the fish shop and sometimes he didn't. Sometimes he went to the grocer's and sometimes he didn't. Sometimes he went to the library and sometimes he didn't.

But whether he shopped or not, whether it shone or poured down, he always finished up at the antique shop. Without ever buying anything.

The Thin Man didn't mind very much at first. He thought the Nice Old Boy was probably trying to make up his mind as to whether he could afford a Toby jug or a grandfather clock. And then he thought perhaps the Nice Old Boy was waiting for the price of something to come down.

But when the performance went on day after day, without progressing in any way, it began to get on the Thin Man's nerves. If he hadn't been already about the thinnest man on earth he might have worried himself thin about it.

During the third week he began to worry himself into a temper.

"Why doesn't the old fool go in and *buy* it, whatever it is?" he wondered. "Every morning at the same time—up to the side window and stare, stare, stare! He can't be right in his head."

At last he could stand it no longer.

"I've got to know," he said; and one morning he crept up behind the Nice Old Boy and looked over his shoulder.

So that into the Nice Old Boy's fairyland in the witch ball came a face distorted by the ball into one of the fattest faces on earth. So that the Nice Old Boy nearly jumped out of his skin.

He turned and glared at the Thin Man, and the Thin Man walked away. And after him, although he didn't know it, went the Nice Old Boy . . . making a note of the Thin Man's lodgings when at last the Thin Man reached them.

And ten minutes later the Nice Old Boy was telephoning an old pal at Scotland Yard.

"Is that Benny?" he asked.

Benny said it was.

"Do you remember," said the Nice Old Man, "'Fatty' Jinks, the forger?"

Would Benny, said Benny, ever forget him?

"Well, I know where you can get him," said the Nice Od Man. "And I know why you never have. Because he's now about the thinnest man on earth. It's better than any disguise. I've just seen him."

"Then if he's gone so thin," said Benny, "how did *you* recognise him?"

"Because he looked so fat," said the Nice Old Boy.

"But you said *thin*."

"I mean in the witch ball."

"Which what?"

"Listen, Benny. It's a long story. You'd better come round."

And what happened after that is none of our business. But it just shows how, even in a sedate corner like old Wimbledon, one mystery can lead to another.

HUMAN MACHINE

TO-DAY'S THE DAY

Nearly everyone wastes far more mental energy than he uses.

We fritter it away on silly things, futile things, irrational things, useless things. We pour it away on anxiety, on worry, on fears—trivial for the most part—on vain wishes and even vainer regrets.

With the energy thus squandered we could well-nigh transform the world.

There's not much sense, you know, in regretting what we did yesterday. We can't change it, and we can't bring it back to do again or to undo. All we can usefully do is to erect a little mental signpost to head us off if we ever find ourselves passing that way again.

There's not much more sense in worrying and fussing, in trying to peer into the future, in taking anxious thought for to-morrow.

Make plans by all means. That's only common-sense. But don't then waste energy in worrying about these plans. If they work, well and good; if they don't—make some more and try again. But for heaven's sake wait and see whether they do work before you start worrying and fussing about them!

To-day's the day. To-day's the only day that really matters. If we do our best to-day, get through to-day conscientiously and efficiently, do our best, take the rough with the smooth, and put everything we have into our work and our play, then we shall be able to face to-morrow without much anxiety.

A Nation of "No!" Men

"YES, we have no bananas!"

The theme song of 1943 came sixteen years too early. What a riot it was then. But what a riot it would be *now*.

In the old days you expected to see the word BANANAS over a fruit shop. But if you saw just that one word now it wouldn't seem right. There'd be something missing.

Only if you saw the words NO BANANAS over a fruit shop to-day would you be satisfied that all was normal.

Outside a country pub last night I saw, chalked up on a blackboard, the words NO BEER. Outside a chemist's shop this morning I saw the words NO GLUCOSE. And outside a fish-shop the words NO FISH.

It seemed only natural.

When you find a greengrocer selling cabbages it seems so wrong that you feel you ought to dash off and tell the police or the food controller or somebody.

The puzzling thing is why the fishmonger stays when the fish is gone.

If I were Josh Brown, in that particular line, I'd feel out of date to have the sign JOSH BROWN: FISH: GAME over my window. I'd have it repainted to read NO JOSH BROWN. NO FISH; NO GAME. Then I'd clear out.

I'm waiting to see an auctioneer's bill announcing that Hogpush, Blather, and Smallsnoot have not been authorised to sell not by auction not on the 21st of July the entire contents of the residence of Samuel Sosize, Esq., who is not deceased.

The goods to be not on view on the day prior to the no-sale. No reasonable offer not to be accepted.

The turn of the newspaper advertiser cannot be far away.

NONSUCH will not stain your floors a lovely dark brown, kill rats or ripen tomatoes. NONSUCH is not invaluable in cases of rabies, asthma or poet's licence.

Do not ask for NONSUCH. NONSUCH is not obtainable at all the best stores. 1s. 9d. a bottle if we ever had any, but we never have had. NONSUCH, LTD., not manufacturers of NONSUCH since 1939. "The same as Mrs. Gibson didn't have."

When, all that time ago, we used to sing "Yes, we have no bananas!" we told ourselves it was *silly*. We never thought we'd live to see the day.

"Business as usual" was the slogan in the last war. "No business as usual" seems to be the slogan in this.

I don't expect to see the word FISH outside my fishmonger's for at least another nine months. And even then I shan't expect to find fish *inside* my fishmonger's.

It may only mean that April Fools' Day has come round again.

A. G.

☆ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? —ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "VOICE," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

IN the Army of Liberation in N. Africa was Sgt. J. Lindsay, Scots Guards, who writes to his parents at Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, Scotland:

It makes you feel a bit "throaty" when liberated people, men, women and children alike, cling to you trying to express their thanks while they are weeping with joy; kissing you, shaking hands, or embracing you.

Somehow the welcome we received made us feel as if we had done a worthwhile job.

GOT THE BOSS

Yet another picture of Army celebrations following the victory in Tunisia comes in a letter from Gnr. W. L. Harrison in a letter to his parents at Hughan Road, Stratford, London, E.15:

The whole Army was celebrating. Lights and flares were going up into the night sky until it was like a Crystal Palace firework show. We sang and danced, joined hands with the local people; wine was drunk and we toasted each other.

Previously the prisoners had been coming in by the thousands, and as you may have heard, we had the distinction of bringing in the Boss—Von Arnim, and he did not look too pleased with himself.

In Tunis we found the people weeping with joy at their deliverance. The Germans had robbed the town of practically everything, but the French had hidden away their wine, which was brought out for our benefit.

IN THE ORIENT

Language difficulty is the main trouble of L.A.C. W. G. Eaton, R.A.F., serving in China, who writes to his parents at Bridge Court, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, E.10:

I have been trying to learn a few Chinese words, but it's a difficult language. To-morrow I hope to go to a Chinese language class in the hope of picking up a few more words for general use in these parts. Chinese writing looks a bit too complicated for me at present.

Our billets are very comfortable, the food plentiful and excellently cooked by Chinese, who are very pleased when you show signs of enjoying their food.

I wonder if our lads were the first to play a Chinese team at football. Well, last Saturday we played a game with them—and lost! But it was a good game.

WITH THE STARS

Gnr. W. H. Close, serving in a merchant vessel, finds time to have a look in at Hollywood and meets Gracie Fields after an adventurous trip. He writes to his mother at St. Mary's Road, Newbury, Berks:

Hollywood suits me, as there is plenty to do and see. At the Hollywood Canteen, a very "posh" joint, I had several dances with Betty Grable. She is a grand dancer, no side, and a nice girl to talk to; but what a crowd!

Later we went with a party to see and hear Bing Crosby do his broadcast. Then to Radio Room, a night club, where we were introduced to Luke Riley, the man who wrote "The Music Goes Round and Round."

As we walked in, the band played "Land of Hope and Glory" for our special benefit, which was a nice gesture. The surprise of the evening was Gracie Fields, who chatted with us as if she had known us for years.

As the Allies rolled on to victory, our lads were greeted with tears of joy and kisses

LOR, WHAT A NIGHT!

Serving with the Persia and Iraq Forces, Sapper E. Palmer, R.E., writes to his wife at Oakleigh Avenue, Tolworth, Surrey:

It was a ghastly night. I was out on guard and you never saw such rain. It was like that in some of those American films, only worse. There was continuous lightning and the thunder rolled as if to split the sky wide open. The wind blew like a tornado and seemed determined to sweep away everything in its path, including our tents.

Jack happened to be sleeping in the O.C.'s tent, but at 3 a.m. he was wide awake with the tent collapsed on top of him. All sorts of things went sailing off like crazy kites, but there were no serious casualties.

BONFIRE

An unexpected bonfire aroused some interest among men of a motor battalion serving with the B.N.A.F., Bombdr. H. F. Provan writes to a friend at Hope Street, Glasgow:

I woke up in the night because there was some shouting, and it seemed that a blazing sun was shining through the doorway. Then I heard a crackling sound, saw some smoke, and knew it was not the sun, but a fire.

I grabbed some clothes and got outside to find that the Q.M.'s store was a beautiful bonfire. The cracking noise I heard was ammunition going off in all directions. It was like Guy Fawkes night.

Bangs, cracks, whizzes and incendiaries were sizzling all over the place, sometimes shooting up like rockets, while some seemed to follow you about.

However, the unit fire squads were soon on the job, the firework show ended and we went back to bed.

ENEMY AHEAD

Gallantry in jungle fighting against the Japanese resulted in Lt. W. L. Farrow, 11th Sikh Regt., Indian Army, being "Mentioned in Despatches." Here is his story in a letter to a friend at Park Road, Farnham, Surrey:

I was taking a patrol of about thirty men along a cart track in a wild part of the country, when things began to happen. It was about dusk when my two scouts reported an enemy patrol heading in our direction, so I prepared an ambush for them, and they fell for it. Two were knocked cold from our first burst. . . .

Later as I was making for high ground to see if we could cut off their retreat there was a burst five or six yards away, and I found myself on my back. I hadn't a scratch, but felt as if I had been kicked in the stomach. I was badly winded.

It was not until I got back to H.Q. that I felt that something was definitely wrong. They sent me back to base hospital, and it will be some time before I can return to jungle warfare, which is an acquired taste anyway.

IN THE MOSQUE

A strange performance in a Mosque in the East is described by Cpl. A. Addenbrooke, R.A.F., to his wife at Millington Road, Castle Bromwich:

There was great excitement in the Mosque. Round a large brazier sat a dozen men, each pounding a tom-tom, and chanting weird songs.

It was not until everyone was worked up into a state of frenzy that the real ceremony began. A priest then touched one of the swaying men as he approached the brazier, and with a pair of tongs dropped a three-inch red-hot nail into the fellow's open mouth. Others did the same thing, and seemed none the worse for this strange diet.

The star turn came when the priest plunged a pointed knife through a man's cheek so that it came out the other side, and it did not draw blood.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MY friend has driven lorries for seven years. Called up, he was drafted to a searchlight unit. Clerks are, of course, drafted to the R.A.S.C.—J. E. Frost, Crafton Street, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

Thousands of country folk have for many years fetched their daily milk from the local farm. Now, in order to save petrol and labour—it is delivered to them!—Mr. R. Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

When the next plum crop is made into jam, Lord Woolton should compel makers to remove stones. This would save anything up to a thousand tons of transport, and give better value to the housewife.—Mr. A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

A young R.A.F. sergeant, killed in a flying accident, was buried with honours. Two Union Jacks were loaned for the occasion—and the young widow was charged 8s. for the use of them. What generosity!—T. Openshaw, Bolton.

★ ★ ★

Holiday-time is slogan-time. Instead of "Is your journey really necessary," I suggest that the Government uses that first prize "Bullet"—"Holidays are good—but let munitions do 'Travelling'!"—W. Roberts, Bugle, Cornwall.

★ ★ ★

Panel doctors get 11s. per patient a year, chemist supplies medicine. In the old days I had a friendly society club doctor who attended me and provided medicine for 2s. 6d. a year, and never grumbled.—"J. H.," Bolton.

★ ★ ★

Twopence buys as many chips in our nearest town as we obtain for eightpence in this village. Yet we are told to eat more potatoes!—"Housewife," Derbyshire.

★ ★ ★

A market gardener sells lettuces wholesale at 1s. a dozen, but the greengrocer sells them at 6d. each. A nice profit for the retailer!—"Pensioner," Bolton.

CHANGE YOUR DIET WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR JOB

☆ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

WAR has often been compared to a game of chess, and to a field-marshal, no doubt, the comparison is good. But to the majority of men and women it is more like a game of general post.

How many of us have changed our jobs in the last four years? Men have left the shop or the office to fight in the desert or to bomb the Ruhr.

The writer of the following letter has had the opposite kind of change:

There must be many chaps like myself, who up to now have led active lives and find themselves pitchforked into sedentary occupations with disastrous results.

I am putting on weight—mainly in the wrong places. I am only a small chap and have no desire to become dumpy, so I turn to you for advice. Can you please suggest a few simple exercises to counteract this evil? Also a suitable diet?

There must be quite a number of young people who would be glad to have a little advice on this subject.

I consulted a doctor about this problem and his first thought was what I expected: "Tell the young man to do the early morning exercises broadcast on the Home Service, and tell him to use Shanks' pony instead of a 'bus. A walk last thing at night and a good hike at week-end should keep him fit."

Unfortunately, many men cannot spare time for physical jerks at 7.30 a.m., but a new little book based upon these exercises was published several weeks ago. It explains more than the broadcaster can do.

I will send particulars of title and price to anyone who asks for it, enclosing a stamped envelope.

The active worker who suddenly changes to a sedentary job makes the mistake of overeating. Substantial meals suit the manual worker, but they are wrong for the man who uses little physical energy.

Time after time I have been surprised at the small amount eaten by successful brain-workers to keep them fit. If they ate more they would be dull and "slow in the uptake."

The most sensible advice to sedentary workers is to eat little, and to take their time over it. Salads, greenstuffs, fruit, toast instead of bread, little or no sugar, potatoes (provided they are not cooked in fat) are recommended; but things from the frying-pan should be avoided. In war time we can all make a virtue of necessity.

If a young man is keen to get on

WE KNEW OUR HE

WE know all about credit and to our deep down in our we've played the game. we've done something fin done something mean. we've played a shabby t dressed it up to look cle

WE know when we do know when we're i when our smiles are for pleasantness is veneer. we're in the wrong, thou tend we're right, we know and we know when incessant inward fight.

WE know when we've p some trivial social g we've let ourselves down great lengths to explai did this and that, but a nals of guilt. And to c regret we weave fabrica

WE know when we've we know when our know when we've done or when we've abused a and that's all that cou folk think and say we kn misunderstands nor take way.

WE know in our hear what we really are we trail our Faith in t our own high star. We k and hurts when we're n or a friend. We know, know in our hearts oth in the end.

Big meals look espec nowadays. Yet they good to office w

the world, asks another you advise him to teetotaler and cultivat alcohol?

I ask because nearly meet during business hou a drink and to despise mainly a lot of business public-houses, but beer d appeal to me.

Even from the social p no-drink-or-not-to-drink vexing, especially as women appear to enj alcoholic refreshment is dances and similar fun

This is a problem fronted many men both on social occasions. The that the total abstainer than others—perhaps tongue wags less freely.

WE KNEW IN OUR HEART

WE know all about ourselves, to our credit and to our shame. We know deep down in our hearts whether we've played the game. We know when we've done something fine and when we've done something mean. We know when we've played a shabby trick, though we've dressed it up to look clean!

WE know when we don't ring true, we know when we're insincere, we know when our smiles are forced and when our pleasantness is veneer. We know when we're in the wrong, though we try to pretend we're right, we know when we've won, and we know when we've lost, Life's incessant inward fight.

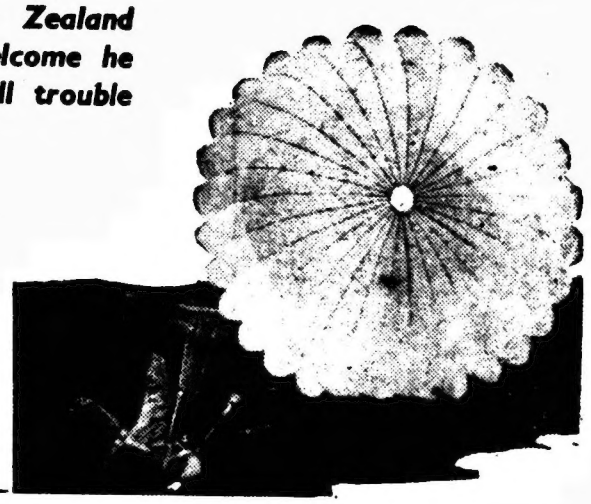
WE know when we've pandered to folk for some trivial social gain, we know when we've let ourselves down and then gone to great lengths to explain; the reason we did this and that, but all excuses are signals of guilt. And to cover the corpse of regret we weave fabrication's sham quilt.

WE know when we've done our best and we know when our cause is just. We know when we've done the decent thing or when we've abused a trust. We know, and that's all that counts, for whatever folk think and say we know, and God never misunderstands nor takes us up the wrong way.

WE know in our hearts and souls just what we really are, we know when we trail our Faith in the dust or follow our own high star. We know how it rankles and hurts when we're misjudged by a foe or a friend. We know, and that which we know in our hearts others come to know in the end.

J. M.

★ *FLIGHT-SGT. J. R. UDLING, a young New Zealand fighter pilot, crashed in India. It was an odd welcome he received—but one which proved that it's not all trouble between the Indians and ourselves*



A rough landing, though more comfortable than a blazing Hurricane. And there may be other consolations to follow

The Woman Kissed his Feet

AFTER the cockpit of my Hurricane had burst into flames, it seemed to me that it was about time to get out.

I fell lazily, dreamily almost, down to earth; and before I had time to wrap my 'chute up I was surrounded by a crowd of silent, staring villagers.

There was, at first, a small argument as to who was to carry the 'chute, Mae West and helmet, but this was soon disposed of by a person who introduced himself as a captain in the Home Guard. Just in case I was suspicious, the others verified this by vigorous nods and "He, yes, Home Guard captain."

I was taken by the arms and led to a spot where some chairs had been placed ready, and where the village headmen were already seated. Fresh coconut milk was offered to me, and a mirror revealed only a few scratches round my eyes.

A tireless youth fanned me unceasingly, and a village medico bathed my grazed ankle and eyes with oil.

My small injuries seen to, I inquired how it would be possible for me to return to my base. I was told that it would be necessary to reach the river eight miles away, and there take a sampan for the rest of the journey.

In the Shade

At last it was time to go. A passage was cleared and we went our way, myself being protected by the shade of an umbrella, walking down an avenue of people.

Eventually we reached the 'plane. I examined the wreck, sent a telegram to the police station, and accepted a Hindu's invitation to his house.

He entertained me on a most generous scale; and later on, as I was getting tired, it was suggested that I should have a nap in the Rest House.

Well, this struck me as a pretty good idea. I had visions of a quiet, secluded room, but was embarrassed to find that the Rest House was a bamboo hut, minus walls, in the middle of which was a charpoy covered by a clean, white sheet.

I looked at my guide.

"It is because some of the people have not seen you yet, and they wish to see you. It is good that they should do so," he explained.

I wondered how much sleep I should get, knowing there would be dozens of pairs of eyes gazing on me curiously whilst I lay there.

My companion informed me that there was a fellow near-by who believed that the R.A.F. had sent me down to collect him for service.

Volunteer at 77

"He's seventy-seven," he informed me, "but crackers" (pointing to his head). "He tells everyone here that the Government is going to send for him for service in the Forces. I told him you were sent to take him."

One young man came forward saying that everybody was eager to know how the parachute worked, and to see me with it on I put on the Mae West and 'chute.

"The hat, too!" he said, so on went my helmet.

"Put the things down, too." So my mask was strapped in place and goggles put on. I turned, and they all tried to see how everything worked. I explained how the 'chute opened, and how I hung below it.

They were satisfied, I thought. But the young man wanted to know what was in the pack that made up the rest of the seat.

"A dinghy," I told him.

There was at once a request to see it working in a pond, but that was *too* much!

Eating Test

Various fruits were cut and prepared. These I ate, in company with the others. More fruit appeared, given by the members of the crowd, and I soon put this away, too, as I was rather hungry.

"That's a bit of a test," I was told, but of what I could not gather.

As it turned out, it *was* a bit of a test, though probably not as they meant, for it appeared that all this fruit-eating was merely an aperitif to a splendid dinner which had been prepared!

And as we sat there in the soft twilight, two figures appeared: a young boy leading a limping woman by the hand.

The woman knelt, taking one of my feet between her hands and murmuring all the while. I must confess that I felt rather queer.

Wounded by Japs

She kissed my feet in turn, and then rose, salaaming. Lifting her saree, she showed me a wound on her left knee; and salaaming once more, she called to the boy, and went away into the darkness, still murmuring.

"She was working in the fields the other day, when the Japs were over," one man explained to me. "She was hit in the knee by one of their bullets. That's why she came."

Then I understood. She had paid homage not to me alone, but to all my comrades who fought those who hurt her.

By Horse and Boat

As night was now rapidly advancing, there was some argument as to whether I should take the horse or a bicycle to reach the river. I got the horse, and the policeman pedalled away on a bicycle.

A bearer coaxed the horse along, but it was most unwilling, and when we eventually did reach the river, we had a sampan each, and I pillowed my head on my 'chute and slept as the boatman set his craft in rhythmic motion.

My adventure was ended.

Big meals look especially inviting nowadays. Yet they aren't much good to office workers!

The world, asks another reader, would you advise him to cease being a teetotaler and cultivate a taste for alcohol?

I ask because nearly every person I meet during business hours seems to like a drink and to despise abstainers. Certainly a lot of business is transacted in public-houses, but beer drinking does not appeal to me.

Even from the social point of view the to-drink-or-not-to-drink problem is very vexing, especially as so many young women appear to enjoy a drink and alcoholic refreshment is on sale at many dances and similar functions.

This is a problem which has confronted many men both in business and on social occasions. There is a suspicion that the total abstainer is less sociable than others—perhaps because his tongue wags less freely.

If the young man dislikes beer drinking he should say so frankly, and then show his "pals" that he can be excellent company without such stimulus.

If his objection is religious, he should get into a different job altogether. Otherwise he will be at a disadvantage and be made to feel "out of it."

I am aware that the whole subject is highly controversial and inflammable. The last time I quoted a letter about total abstinence—more than a year ago—I received a number of protests from people who believe that alcohol was invented by the devil, as well as letters from moderate drinkers, who defended their position with some vehemence.

ONE reader who believed that moderate drinking was good for mind and body wrote half a dozen times, heading every letter with a quotation (from "The Song of Songs"), "Stay me with flagons!"

It was amusing at first, but I got tired and told him to look at the Revised Version of the Bible where the text runs: "Stay ye me with raisins," and is supposed to refer to a kind of cake popular in the East.

"Stay me with flagons" sounds far more impressive. I can imagine old Falstaff quoting it with gusto, but, unfortunately, it is less accurate. In the Vulgate (Latin) the same passage suggests something very like our slogan: "Say it with flowers."

I am always ready to hear other readers' opinions, but please don't write to remind me of St. Paul's advice to Timothy.

I have known it for years and am not likely to forget it.

Anyway, the man who has signed the pledge can still take wine as a medicine, though he is often tempted to be ill.

YOU CAN DO IT

EVERY trifle is valuable for salvage—nothing is too small.

If every home in which JOHN BULL is taken gave:

- 1 20-cigarette carton, they would provide 1,650 mortar shell carriers.
- 1 daily newspaper, they would make 12,600 bomb interior containers.
- 1 empty toothpaste tube from each JOHN BULL home provides solder for the electrical connections in 13,333 big bombers.
- 1 ounce of mixed rags might make 2,083 battle-dresses, 2,083 civilian suits, 2,083 overcoats, 3,500 blankets, and 56,000 maps, charts and blueprints.

Finally, as a bigger item—one 10-in. pail with a hole in it, from each JOHN BULL home would provide steel for a 1,350-ton destroyer and 16 cruiser tanks.

Though there's "austerity" in the design of to-day's Lybro Utility Overalls, there's plenty of good workmanship too. That's why Lybro is so sought after—and sometimes we're sorry to say, hard to obtain.

LYBRO UTILITY OVERALLS

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

Do your teeth light up your smile?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

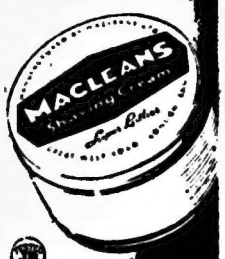
The Tongue Test will tell! Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's what collects stains, makes teeth dull, unromantic. Irium, the super-cleanser in Pepsodent, flushes film away, polishes teeth brilliantly, safely. Use Pepsodent and keep your teeth shiny smooth—lighting up your smile.

7½d., 1/3, 2/3 Inc. Tax
Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 & 2/3 Including Tax

DID YOU HAVE A MACLEAN SHAVE TODAY?

Macleans Shaving Cream always gives you an easier shave and a smoother chin. It's so refreshing and so economical. The best shave results from using very little cream—you'll be surprised how little.

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*
2 *Put a little cream on chin with finger tip (do not dip brush in jar).*
3 *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*



PER 1/3 JAR

Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this genuine, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Prices 1/4 and 2/6. Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.' Obtainable everywhere.

LAST LAUGH

T. L. (Birkenhead).—"Finding I was doing no good in the queue outside the fishmonger's, I left it for another one." To wait your turn to ring him up from a telephone kiosk?

S. F. (Leatherhead).—"When I get home after a day's work I feel like a limp rag." But you are soon handed the dishcloth.

F. S. (Birmingham).—"All the week I work as an aero engine tester, but on Sundays I act as churchwarden." Revs have to be looked after at both jobs?

Ex-Actor (Chelsea).—"I have just retired after fifty-seven years on the stage." Great Scott! You must even be able to remember when eggs were too plentiful.

F. K. (Hull).—"There is a shortage of red ink in many parts of the country." We have a strong suspicion that our neighbour is trying to beat us by watering his early tomato plants with the stuff!

E. G. (Balham).—"Many ex-Servicemen are now being employed in our West End stores." Others are getting married and waiting outside!

B. K. (South Coast).—"A bomb bounced twice on our tennis courts during a recent raid." That made it unplayable, of course?

B. B. (Chelmsford).—"So for another summer the Continent will be off as a holiday resort for Englishmen." As it is now proposed to make it their happy hunting-ground.

G. H. (London).—"The proficient at games put on too much side to please me." Especially the billiard players.

C. D. (Spilsby). — "It's always the nice, timid little girl who holds on to the bad egg." She is afraid to drop him?

S. C. (Epsom).—"When I make a bet I want to back something that is going to run." We think you may safely put a bit on Mussolini.

V. B. (Ollerton). — "Do you happen to know if Goebbels has any letters after his name—on a brass plate or anything?" We don't, but we know that his number is up.

B. C. (Carlisle). — "When the boss called me a bare-faced liar I was deeply insulted." Had he overlooked the moustache you were trying to cultivate?

S. B. (Sutton).—"He looked at me and summed up my character in a few words. It was very embarrassing." Was your face read?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Oh! look at the nice, pretty soldier!"

Side-Slips

Brecon & Radnor Express:—". . . and deceased was sent to G—— prison on remand . . ."

Evening Telegraph & Argus:—"——, who pleaded 'Guilty' to a summons for using a motor-car in —— Street without inefficient braking system."

South Wales Echo:—"Dogs can be painfully destroyed at one of the C—— and District Animal Rescue League Shelters."

Greenock Telegraph & Clyde Shipping Gazette:—". . . she sent a piece of wedding girl to his four-year-old daughter."

Evening Despatch:—"The first attackk yesterday was by a wind led by Wing-Com. ——."

Edinburgh Evening News:—"If the Allies land in France, all able-bodied Frenchmen will be interned in caps . . ."

1st PRIZE £100 — 'BULLETS' 1,382

E. Baker, Lindens, Greenway, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, for this "Bullet":—

Beast Of Berchtesgaden Dripping Jaws Now Dropping.

£10: S. N. Herriott, 6, Brook St., Loscoe, Derbys.
Empty Cradle—State "Condemns," Yet "Guilty."

£5: F. Knighton, 33, Wellfield Rd., Preston, Lancs.
The Next Step—Worrying "Dictator Baby," Too!

£4: E. W. Rouse, 18, Wellington St., Swindon, Wilts.
After All The Prime—Jap's Taken, "Education's" Beginning.

£3: K. J. Lever, 19, Weald Rd., Brentwood, Essex.
Regimental Goat—His "Inspection" Scared Brasshat!

£2: J. Gallocher, 28, Lodaird Avenue, Carlisle.
The Next Step—Will Italy "Crumble" Under?

INCREASED FIRST

For "BULLETS" ON NEXT PAGE

6 of 30s:

Mrs. E. Brewis, Fairfield, Fairmoor, Morpeth.
Justice Prevailed And — Neighbour's Marrow Eventually Burst!

L/Cpl. Inman, A., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Caught In The Cablebabes—Auntie's Foot. Daring Feint!

B. Marsh, 3, Northside Rd., Lidget Green, Bradford.
Regimental Goat—Fancy Calling It "Rose"!

W. Mathieson, 20, Anderson Drive, Saltcoats, Ayrs.
Refuge From The Storm—*And* The "Storm." Misses!

J. Plummer, Hill Farm, Shalford, Braintree.
Our H.F. Spoke And—Camouflaged "Fishiness" With "Freshness."

W. Toon, Rose Cottage, Stanton-under-Bardon, Leics.
Just When I'm Explaining—Freedom To Neighbour, "Henry!"

A list of 20 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices; 1,230 Merit Awards have also been posted.

CHEQUES FOR 26 WINNERS

RESULT OF XWORD 234

WINNING WORDS: 1. Flesh. 2. Sell. 3. Post. 4. Hall. 5. Master. 6. Master. 7. Alt. 8. Goat. 9. Hilted. 10. Bike. 11. Focus. 12. Tyro. 13. Today. 14. Main.

£100 SHARERS: List of the 26 sharers, each receiving cheque for £3 17s. this week, is too long for this column, but will be published in Crossword Gazette dated July 31. Runners-up Awards value £26 shared between 100 entrants.

GREATEST OF THESE

● War has brought much trouble for the parents of this little lass.

Her father, George Muggeridge, served in the R.A.F., but was discharged in September, 1942, as unfit for further service. He has been receiving medical treatment ever since, and his doctor says he will never be fit for work again.

There are two children—one aged three; the other, eleven months.

Mr. Muggeridge has no pension. With his savings exhausted, the outlook for this pitiful little family is indeed gloomy.

The local vicar states that he is confident the details given to us are true.

Will you please be as generous as you can and send donations earmarked "Gloom," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Not one penny of the money received is spent on working expenses of the Fund, all of which are borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

The leg that wouldn't heal

is well again. Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal.

Until these germs have been killed there can be no healing. Dettol Ointment kills germs – it contains 'Dettol'. This new curative germ-killing ointment fights for you; fights to destroy the germs that make sore places slow to heal. Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the inflammation, but sinks deep into the skin tissue to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean, new, healthy skin.

From all Chemists, 1/5 includes tax

DETTOL OINTMENT

HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustment to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY

COASTER

BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

£500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

From NOW in "John Bull" titled by Fifth Record Tournament—by steeply augmented for this week's £100 First Prize and Runners-up Awards value £500! If by Record 330 you have won a prize of any kind (First or Runner-up) in ANY TWO CONSECUTIVE CONTESTS, you automatically share EXTRA £500 CASH with any other Competitor who has similarly qualified in the years of Tournament.

£100 FIRST PRIZE

ENTER on COUPON BELOW £25

Xword No. 334 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in every column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.			5p	5p	5p
1 A MAN BECOMING THIS IS IN MANY CASES CONGRATULATED	FAT		ER			
2 ITS SUITABILITY FOR ITS PURPOSE DEPENDS UPON HOTE IT STRIKES			ONC			
3 BY SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE GAS BE FOUND, HARD KIND IS HILLY	WOR					
4 WHERE PEOPLE LIVE TOGETHER IN SUR-ROUNDINGS UNLIKE A HOUSE	HO		EL			
5 PRISONER JUST CONVICTED MAY BE GLAD TO GET THIS			AIL			
6 NAZIS' ADVANCE HAS OFTEN BEEN THIS BY BRUTALITY TO CIVILIANS	MAR		ED			
7 IT'S USELESS PLOUGHING THESE WITHOUT SOME RETURN			EAS			
8 WOODEN ONES ARE OFTEN NEGLECTED	PO		TS			
9 IT'S NOT SUITABLE FOR WOMAN TO WORK IN THIS	MIN					
10 SHOULDN'T STAND OUT TOO MUCH ABOVE THE REST	B		SS			
11 THIS IS SIMPLY WASTE			OAF			
12 PARACHUTIST IN SHOOTING MAY WELL BE TRIPPED UP BY	BRA		E			
13 ARE NOTABLY DESTRUCTIVE			UNS			
14 YOU'LL FIND THAT THESE ARE OF A SPHERICAL SHAPE	CLO		ES			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Aug. 14.

P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

233

EXTRA DAY TO WIN CLOSING POSTMARK TUESDAY, AUG. 3

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues presented, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Record Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each 6/x paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupon personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Aug. 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

Those sudden stabbing pains in the stomach which make you afraid of mealtimes — you need never suffer them again! 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings swift relief by neutralising the excess stomach acid which causes them. Thousands of sufferers are now eating what they like and enjoying their meals — thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Why don't you try it? Get some from your chemist today. Prices, including purchase tax, 7d. to 2/10.

TIRED FEET

now a thing of the past

Particularly in the summer months the agony caused by tired feet can be almost unbearable, causing shortness of temper and general depression. The remedy is simple. Bathe the feet in warm water at night, carefully drying them, then thoroughly massage them with CADUM OINTMENT. In the morning rub in CADUM OINTMENT again, particularly on the heels and the ball-joints (the points that take the main weight of the body during the day). Your feet will never let you down again.

CADUM the wonder-healing ointment

1/5 & 3/5 (including tax) from all chemists

WHY NOT YEAST ? ! !

You feel fagged at this time of the year, with the heat and your work. Why not replace that lost energy and keep yourself up to the mark? You *can*—by taking Yestamin, the best form of pure dried Yeast, the richest source of the strengthening and protective B Vitamins. This tonic and sustaining food, so rich in proteins, imparts the fullest nourishment and strength to nerves and body. It regulates digestion, corrects constipation and other disorders—literally puts new life into you. Why has the purchase tax been taken off pure Yeast products, while doubled in other directions? Because the Government know the great value of Yeast to the nation's health. Take Yestamin now and stick to it—at the cost of only a penny a day.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN

VITAMIN

YEAST TABLETS

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD.,

BURTON-ON-TRENT

INCREASED FIRST and 1,131 OTHER PRIZES!

"BULLETS" AWARDS VALUE OVER £200

1ST PRIZE £75

1,126 MORE PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP

6 of £5 | 30 £1 | 20 of £½

100 New 3rd PRIZES

£4 £3 £2

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Aug. 13.

TARGET FOR TO-DAY
HEART OF GERMANY
OUR FIGHTERS
TO WIN THE PEACE
ACROSS THE CHANNEL
THE THING IS
SAWDUST CAESAR
WITH HIS HANDS FULL
TO GET MORE COAL
AWAY FROM WORK

BULLETS 1,382 RESULT appears on page 14.

FORMS
TALKING IS EASY, BUT
SON OF THE SOIL
AT ANY MOMENT
LANDLADY'S HARVEST
AGAINST THE RULES
TREAT FOR THE HOUSEWIFE
NOT SO GOOD
GANG OF HOOLIGANS
HE'S ONLY HUMAN, SO

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

WORLD'S WORST .....
LOST IN THE .....
TRUE TO .....
FAMILY .....
JUGGLING WITH .....
WHEN WE GET .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Aug. 14.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,386 Tuesday, Aug. 3

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,386 or Xword No. 336, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"Keep it Going"

"I switched on and smoke began to pour out of the back". That is the time, lady, to switch *off* — quick! To-day, when service is often hard to get, you may find help and guidance in our little book on the care of wireless sets — "Keep it Going". Please get your copy (Price 6d. and very cheap at the price!) from a Murphy Dealer.

FROM ALL

MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C.127

PHOSFERINE DOES ME GOOD

"I want to thank you for your wonderful Phosferine tablets. It doesn't seem possible that two such small tablets could do so much good. At the first sign of nerves, or that 'run down' feeling which is all due to nerves, I take a couple of tablets and I find Phosferine does me good."
(*Sgd.*) Mrs. F.C.

Phosferine has it both ways—a single dose will buck you up—succeeding doses will build you up. Thus it is a really great tonic: a pick-me-up and a true restorative. Get some today!

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)
2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

(Tablets or Liquid)

By enrolling your dog or cat on the Narpac Animal Register you safeguard them against *everyday* risks as well as the hazards of wartime. Here are the benefits. STREET ACCIDENTS: Narpac pay Veterinary fees incurred. LOSS OR STRAYING: Narpac arrange for safe return of pet. AIR RAIDS: Narpac activities include rescue of all animals, free housing and treatment, evacuation to new home—for which services Narpac has Government recognition and support.

Remember, registration is a *permanent* safeguard—and 1/- a year is all it costs. Enrol your dog or cat now.

NARPAC ANIMAL REGISTER

POST THIS

to the Narpac Animal Register, Bond Street House, Clifford Street, London, W.1, or hand it to your nearest Narpac Depot.
I enclose..... shillings as Annual Subscription. Please send Identity Disc(s) for ..... dog(s) ..... cat(s). Subscription: 1/- a year (stamps or postal order) for each animal.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss).....
IN CAPITALS PLEASE
ADDRESS.....

J.B.

Issued by the National A.R.P. for Animals Committee; registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

On seven days leave with an all-year-round Schoolgirl Complexion!

She serves her country well. She also does her duty to her skin by the daily use of Palmolive. You, too, can look young and lovely if you use this soap with its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather, which beautifies as it cleanses and keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.
3½d. *Including Tax*

PALMOLIVE

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS with ANDREWS is the first Health rule

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews
Family size tin 2/-, inc. purchase tax
(32)

Cocoa keeps better in a tin

When you buy your wartime packet of Bournville Cocoa, transfer the contents to an old Bournville tin—or any tin with a well-fitting lid. That's the best way to preserve Bournville Cocoa's rich aroma to the last spoonful.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

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